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MOWBRAY

Mural Painter

1858-1928

H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY

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1858-1928

Privately Printed by
FLORENCE MILLARD MOWBRAY

Edited by

HERBERT F. SHERWOOD

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To the blessed memory of my husband "who left the world better and more beautiful than he found it," this little book is lovingly dedicated.

FLORENCE MILLARD MOWBRAY.

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PREFACE

THIS little volume is printed by Florence Millard Mowbray as a memorial to her husband and as a means of setting down in a more permanent form those facts that might be of interest in studying the progress of mural painting in the United States. It consists chiefly of autobiographical notes prepared in Mr. Mowbray's last years, and of memorial contributions by Charles Moore, chairman of the Fine Arts Commission, Royal Cortissoz, art critic and fellow member of the board of trustees of the American Academy in Rome, and E. K. Rossiter, architect and neighbor.

H. F. S.

H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY

Mural Painter

I

INTRODUCTION

Herbert F. Sherwood

WHEN H. SIDDONS MOWBRAY, the mural painter, died on January 13, 1928, at his home in Washington, Conn., he left an autobiographical fragment upon which he and his wife had spent many hours of pleasant recollection. It is fortunate that he did this, for comparatively little of a biographical nature about him has appeared in print. He was of a retiring nature. It was enough for him that a few great friends understood him, his beliefs and his abilities. Indeed, it was due in a measure to the capacity of his friends to recognize his unusual qualities and the trend of his artistic expression that he was able to accomplish so much. He was happy in his friends. Successful as an artist, as time went on, he sought the broader fields in which the ability to work in harmony with the spirit of others and express for them their mood was a dominating factor. As technique became a facile tool in his hand, obedient to every wish, he marched on to ever widening horizons. When he died he simply changed his horizon. He had just passed one, for he had only shortly before completed the decorations for the addition to the Morgan library.

His facility as an artist is indicated by the fact that he could mold and cooperate with the sculptor and draw figures and draperies without models, as well as paint. This is illustrated by his design for the pediment of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York, a building designed by Stanford White and a bronze portrait plaque of Elizabeth, his little daughter.

It is a great joy to have the opportunity to see one's ideas accepted as fundamental, to be able to live with them to the end. This was Mowbray's happy fortune. To him, mural decoration was only a part of a whole. He felt that the design of a building and its decoration should harmonize. They should express the spirit of the use of the structure so clearly that upon entering, the beholder unconsciously would feel like removing his shoes from off his feet.

This idea seems so obvious that one wonders that until recent years so little stress should have been given to it in the monumental buildings erected in the United States. It remained for Charles F. McKim, the architect, and his associates, and the creators of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893 to make clear this conception, and to Mowbray, the painter, to illustrate how cooperation between designer, builder and decorator could be developed. It thus fell to the lot of Mowbray to become a leading exemplar of this branch of art in this country.

Instead of being far removed from the daily walks of his fellow men Mowbray was distinctly a community-minded man, recognizing that in all that con-

cerned the welfare of his community he should be interested and, being interested, do his part. One could properly ask if this might not be expected in an exponent of composition involving groups. Should not one first be community-minded in order to be successful as a mural decorator? Is not one of the important functions that of expressing the emotions and ideas of the community in its public memorials and other structures of a civic character. Where groups are a part, the picture or sculptured stone or bronze is a failure if the different figures and objects do not bear an interdependent relationship. There must be a community of interest, a spirit of cooperation.

This philosophy goes deeper and gives vitality to the belief held by Mowbray that all the elements of a building should be considered in their relation to each other and with the view of unifying the whole and making it more efficiently fulfill the purposes of the structure. This community-mindedness and his belief in the essential relations of structure and decoration eminently fitted him for the task which he accomplished of setting on its feet the American Academy in Rome, an institution founded for the purpose of making it possible for American artists of ability in the different fields of artistic expression to study the relationship of architecture, sculpture and painting in the city which, as completely as any, illustrated the value of harmony in these respects in the making of a community. It was exemplified in the town of Washington, in the Connecticut Berk-

shires, where he lived more or less continuously for nearly thirty years. Here he entered into all community activities. He was head of the Red Cross through the War and long afterward, president of the local library, and trustee of schools and other community possessions.

Among his contributions to Washington life was a ceiling decoration for the library, which had been erected in memory of the founders of the Gunnery School, for more than seventy-five years a community institution. This contribution was in memory of his first wife. He spent more than a year upon it. One would expect this to be among his best works because of the object, freedom from restrictions and environment. When one talked with him about this painting, he would say in his quiet way that he had simply joined with his neighbors in doing something that it might be hoped would make the community a more pleasant place in which to dwell.

This was an actuating spirit that animated all that he did. It was one of those fundamental qualities which fitted him to serve as a member of the National Commission of Fine Arts, to which he was appointed as one of President Wilson's last official acts. He continued a member until his death, his last public duty being in connection with the work of that body.

Mowbray was an artist in living as well as a painter and decorator. Beauty was his daily bread. Cast upon the waters it returned to bless all many-fold.

II

EARLY YEARS

There was little in Mowbray's early life prophetic of the work that consumed his mature years. He was born in Alexandria, Egypt, August 5, 1858, where John Henry Siddons, his father, had gone from England shortly before as the representative of an English banking house. His father died before he was a year old. Thereupon his mother returned to England. His mother's maiden name was Eliza Fade. She was of Anglo-Saxon stock from Kent, her father being William Fade, a clerk in the Admiralty. She had some facility in art. A sister, Annie, had married Professor George Mordey Mowbray, a chemist. They were now living in the United States. Although the Civil War was in progress, letters from her sister in the new world made such a strong appeal that she resolved to go thither with her infant son. So they fared forth upon the journey of adventure.

The Mowbrays had moved to Titusville, Pa., where petroleum recently had been discovered. Mowbray looked upon petroleum as of great importance because he believed it to be the successor of whale oil as an illuminant. Having studied the different oil fields he had chosen Titusville as the place of his activities and there erected the first refinery.

The dangers of this new illuminant, which had created strong prejudices against it on the part of many, were most awfully illustrated in the death of the boy's mother. She had broken the journey to Titusville by a visit to friends in Brooklyn. While alone with him on the evening of Washington's Birthday she started to freshen up the fire by pouring oil on it. The can exploded and she was burned to death. The frightful picture was etched into the very soul of the five-year-old lad.

Having no children, the Mowbrays welcomed and adopted the homeless boy. Thus he became Harry Siddons Mowbray.

"There was never, to my mind," Mr. Mowbray testified long after, "a man quite like my foster father. Strong and masterful to the world, to me he showed a surprising tenderness and affection, and never in the long years to follow do I recollect an unkind word or action on his part. We became close comrades. He had a wonderful way of smoothing out youthful trouble, clearing away the unessentials, and setting forth the thing so simply that all the clouds disappeared."

Shortly after the close of the Civil War the oil boom in Titusville crashed. A general stagnation followed and the Mowbray and other refineries closed. The country now found itself in need of rapid construction of railways to take care of reawakened commerce. Explosives for cutting through rock were

in great demand. Recognizing the commercial value of nitroglycerine, the recently invented explosive, and free for the moment, Professor Mowbray focussed his attention upon it. He invented a product that would not decompose and from which had been eliminated some of those characteristics which had made nitroglycerine dangerous to handle. Mowbray first used his explosive in "shooting" dormant oil wells. Possessing a monopoly in this country of this product, he was sought out by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which was endeavoring to pierce the Hoosac Mountain near North Adams with a tunnel for a railroad to connect New England with the Middle-west. The Mowbrays moved to North Adams. In due time, by the use of nitroglycerine, the tunnel, whose completion had been delayed by two serious accidents, was finished without further untoward incident.

The boy, now eleven years old, found himself in surroundings more congenial to his nature. North Adams, in marked contrast to the boisterously untidy boom town on the banks of an oily stream which he had just left, was neat and orderly. Where the teachers in the crowded schools of his earlier home had failed in the hurly burly of their task to establish contact with his spirit, Miss Mary Hathaway, the genial, thoroughgoing New England "schoolma'am" under whose sway he came in Drury Academy, was inspiring. The desire to understand and to study was quickened. Soon he found himself in close com-

petition with another boy, Perry, afterwards president of Oberlin College, for leadership of his class.

In this favorable soil, the germ of his art career sprouted. It took the form of map drawing. This was a part of his school work. His interest in putting in the colors and adding ships, whales, and other animals after the manner of old maps became so intense that he would take them home to work upon them out of school hours. Principal and school committee alike commended them. This stimulated in him a keen desire to draw, a desire which he gratified from that time as opportunity offered.

"Later on," Mowbray jotted down in his autobiographical notes, "I found that there had been hope in my father's mind that I would follow in his footsteps and take up chemistry as a vocation. I had shown more than a boyish interest in his experiments and had been a willing assistant to him in his laboratory work, all of which had, doubtless, raised hopes in his mind.

"It may have been the first impetus given by my map work that marked the beginning of the divergence in our roads. However, he never, when he finally sensed it, spoke a word of discouragement, and later, when fully convinced, gave a hearty approval to my choice of art. I might, as it turned out, have been of great assistance to him in shaping into form his last works, involving smokeless powder and celluloid. Researches that he had undertaken in the last years (1890-91) of his life, in default of a successor to put them into patent form, fell to pieces at his death."

Before young Mowbray definitely took up art, however, he was to taste of the disciplinary and practical details of business and military life and youthful adventure. These may have been factors in fashioning his mind to recognize the value of cooperation with the practical side of architecture and to work sympathetically with others in mural decoration. In his teens he was entrusted by his foster father with the solution of the problems of customers who complained of the difficulties of using nitroglycerine. He made far journeys into the wilderness of the Middlewest to assist in the safe delivery of this volatile stuff. One day when in Boston he saw a sailing ship bound for the Azores. Telegraphing home of his intention, he sailed off on what proved to be a stormy and perilous voyage. In casting about in search of a goal for his future, Mowbray fell upon an opportunity to obtain an appointment to West Point. Seizing upon it, he zealously set about its realization. He won it. Like many another "plebe," he had to endure the initiatory vicissitudes of the opening years of life at the Military Academy, but in his case they were mitigated in some degree by the discovery that he could draw.

"As soon as it was known that I drew," Mowbray noted afterward, "I was overwhelmed with demands for my services. It was the first thing that I was asked to do as a favor instead of being ordered."

He spent much of his spare time sketching camp life. Some of these sketches were used later in a book called "Taps," a collection of characteristic bits of cadet life published by Homer Lee in New York.

The change from the open air life of the first summer at West Point to the gloomy barracks started a train of thought in Mowbray's mind.

"The routine grew more and more unbearable to me," he wrote in his notes. "The report of the gun in the morning brought the whole day to my mind in its deadly repetition of others before and those to follow.

"What I wanted to do more than anything else in the world was to study art. I had done nothing to warrant the belief that I had any ability, but the more this idea grew, the more dismal my surroundings became. I wrote my father and described my feelings. I knew it would be a deep disappointment to him, and I felt myself a self-confessed failure in consequence. He begged me to reconsider, or at least delay action, but although I remained a few weeks longer, I did not find anything to change my resolution. I, therefore, sent in my resignation, and shaking hands with my roommates as well as other friends, many of them lifelong, I put off my uniform and departed. West Point ended all my dreams of military glory; henceforth art was my goal."

From this time onward, Mowbray's thoughts turned to the search for a road that would lead to a gratification of his desire. He studied reproductions of foreign pictures that came to his home in such publications as "Every Saturday," and spent much time drawing, copying chiefly, whatever appealed to him as worth while. Gradually his mind focussed upon Paris as the path to his goal.

We may now leave it to his autobiographical notes to carry on the story.

III

WILLIAMSTOWN-PARIS

Like many other small towns, North Adams, in the Seventies, went through a "modernizing period." Gabled roofs changed to mansards, florid zinc cornices and telegraph poles lined the main street. Debased Romanesque churches took the places of the old, simple, Colonial ones with their porticoes. People buying new furniture, bought the new style of black walnut with marble tops, and threw away their mahogany. In parlors were glittering, metal, self-feeding stoves, plush furniture, and Prang's chromos. Every parlor had, in the corner, a "what-not," on which were shell-covered boxes, composition statuettes, and waxed flowers under glass. A flat, deadly blanket of commonplace covered everything. Contact with artists and museums, so necessary to young students, was not within my reach. There was nothing for the artistic germ to feed upon. I could only grope along helplessly, copying this or that poor wood cut, in my endeavor to acquire a technique.

Thomas Nast, a caricaturist, once lectured in the town, and did quick sketches on the platform. He was a guest at our house and I hovered about him like a shadow. He was a canny little Alsatian, very German, who looked on the whole thing from the com-

mercial point of view, with the idea, I judged, of dashing any ambitions I might have. He had rather the air of assuming that there was only one branch of art, caricature, and only one caricaturist, so what was the use of my trying. At any rate I got no encouragement from him, as I naïvely showed him my clumsy efforts.

In the early part of the winter of 1877, I learned that a New York artist was living in Williamstown. I drove over to see him as soon as possible. It proved to be a landscape artist, A. C. Howland, a member of the National Academy of Design. He was the first real painter I had ever met. He received me with great kindness and put me at my ease at once. It was agreed that I should come twice a week for lessons. This was as much time as I felt able to absent myself from my father's office.

The distance between North Adams and Williamstown was five or six miles, which I made with a horse and cutter, in the winter. The "studio" was an unused room in the old museum building of the college, the walls of which were lined with cabinets with glass doors filled with specimens. It was necessary, in my case, to begin with the rudimentary steps. I never, as long as I was taking lessons of him, did more than copy his landscapes.

I did get from him a great deal of knowledge of the European schools, especially the French, toward which he leaned very strongly, and I acquired much valuable information about student life in Paris. Kindly and solicitous as he was of my progress, I

felt that I was not advancing very much in the direction that I wished to go, namely, figure work, so that when spring came I ceased going to him, fully convinced that I must make Paris my goal.

My father evidently saw that I was in earnest in the matter and cheerfully acquiesced. Several things occurred that prevented my leaving home before the fall; but on Oct. 26, 1878, a happy youth mounted the gangplank of the "City of Berlin," bound for Liverpool.

Ocean trips were events in those days and to me it was a fascinating adventure. The "City of Berlin," an Inman liner, was the crack ship of the day and considered the last word in comfort and luxury. I was a good sailor and immensely enjoyed the trip. On board I made the acquaintance of a man by the name of Carl Sommerhoff, connected, I believe, with some bank in New York. He had been in the Prussian army and had entered Paris with it, during the war of 1870. He took a kindly interest in me, as an art student, and promised to introduce me to a connection of his, Stanley Mortimer, of New York, who was then studying in Paris. I was much pleased with this prospect, for I did not know a soul in that city and was becoming rather troubled over the prospect before me. We went on to London together, and there we parted to meet again in Paris. I spent a lonely week in London, depressed by its gloomy autumn weather and the odor of stale ale in the air and above all by its cold joints.

I reached Paris early in the morning, by the night boat from Dover, and went to the Hotel de Bade, on the Boulevarde, where I was to await Sommerhoff. It was a gloomy place. Not a soul spoke English, so I departed for the Hotel du Louvre, where my father had once stayed, leaving a note for Sommerhoff. For a week or more I had nothing but disappointments. I seemed to make no headway. With no French and no knowledge of Paris, I felt lost and helpless. For very little I would have gone home. I was lost one day, in one of the quarters near the Opera, when I ran squarely into Sommerhoff. Nothing could exceed my joy. We had dinner together and afterward went to the Folie Bergere. The next morning we started out in search of Mortimer. We went to his rooms, we lunched at Père Fuch's, where he usually went at noon, and not finding him we finally went to Bonnat's Atelier, where he studied. Here the door was opened by one of the students, by good chance an American, W. A. Coffin, afterwards well known as a landscape painter. He took charge of me like a father, and all my troubles were over for the time being.

The Atelier Bonnat was, to my first view, the most depressing hole I had ever seen. I had always coupled art with a certain beauty of surroundings. Here was nothing but smoke, reek, and a chattering noisy crowd, surrounding a frowsy Italian model, on a platform.

Coffin at once enrolled me and whispered that it was the custom on the part of a *nouveau,* to pay a

bien venue, which he informed me amounted to about a louis or twenty francs. All work stopped, and a *garçon* from a nearby café soon appeared with punch and biscuits and cigarettes. The popularity of Coffin in the Atelier spared me many of the demands usually made upon the *nouveau,* not, however, without some opposition on the part of some strict adherents of the ritual.

Between thirty and forty men were in the class. It was the most cosmopolitan crew that could be imagined. While the majority were French, there were representatives of every continent in the world. There was only one nationality that did not appear for what it was, and that was the Prussian. They passed as Alsatians, in the Atelier. The year 1870 was too close to be entirely overlooked.

Glancing backward to that period of the French schools of art, it seems to me that their methods were hopelessly standardized. The best they produced had the soulless perfection of the Spencerian copybook. We students of the day did not realize this at the time, and bowed before Boulanger, Lefebre, Bougereau, Cabanel and others, who have disappeared from sight and almost from memory.

At Bonnat's, stern realism was the law. A view of the output of crude torsos, legs, feet and heads suggested a butcher's shop. No one did a thing without the model. It was pure still life. Christs or St. Josephs, in the Salon, were Père Fuscos or other popular models with halos on their heads. Anyone who attempted to temporize with the commonplace ugliness of things was looked at with pity.

What a happy life it all was. Few had much money, many were horribly poor, yet there was a little world here in Paris into which we fitted as naturally as the millionaire in the Champs Elysée, a little world of infinitesimal cheap lodgings and restaurants and a social circle that accepted the *blouse* and *béret* as the correct form, café concerts and *bals,* all within the range of the smallest purse. Some of the poorest, even, made order out of disorder by settling *en ménage* with a *modiste,* and playing the regulated life of a *bourgeois.* There were restaurants where a satisfying meal, with a small *carafon* of wine, could be had for twenty cents. There were little kitchens along the streets where fried fish, potatoes and chestnuts might be picked up for a few sous, and consumed in a neighboring *crèmerie,* where bread, butter and milk were added, all for about twelve or thirteen cents. Paris is a paradise for little people. They create little local worlds of their own, and feel lonesome and uncomfortable when they drift into those of greater pretense and fashion. It was much the same with art students. Both on Montmarte and in the Latin Quarter we had our fixed restaurants and cafés. The types that frequented these places often suggested *maquereaus, voleurs* and *apaches* and may well have been; but they were always decently observant of manners while there. We students must have been, to the lowest of them, beneath their consideration as possible prey. I know that I lived for two or three years on Montmarte and never experienced any trouble whatever.

Seeing my ignorance, Coffin had recommended my starting work on block heads and feet, such as beginners did. I therefore purchased an easel, portfolio and other equipment from old Père Ottoz and commenced. This was all very humiliating to one who had dreams of assisting the master in his own work. However it did not last long and I was soon allowed, by Mon. Bonnat, *le patron,* to take a place with those drawing from life.

A new model was provided every Monday morning, who posed for a week. There was also an afternoon class and one in the evening. Many of us worked in all of them. Drawings were always of the same size, and the workers involuntarily obeyed certain dogmas that were rife. The estimation of work was based largely or wholly on the manner in which the student obeyed these dogmas, and the "strong man" was he who completely embodied them in his work. Narrowed as it was to a system, the stupidest pupil, by force of doing more or less the same thing for weeks and months at a time, made a passable drawing in the end, and the most promising ones were deadened, to a large degree, by the formula necessitated by mass teaching. In my own case I went over the ground very quickly; being entirely new I was very susceptible to the teaching and soon began to enjoy the approval of the *patron.*

I lived at the time at 56 Rue de Douai, with a fellow student named Churchill. Two small rooms were rented so that we had a bedroom and a salon. We had no means of heating except a very small stove in

which we burned fagots that lasted but a few minutes. In the terrible winter of 79-80 even the Seine froze, as did also the water pitchers in our rooms. A little farther down the street was a microscopic restaurant, much patronized by the students. Here for twenty or twenty-five cents we had a course dinner of a narrow range. Père Fuchs presided at a little desk, behind which, in four or five foot lengths, were the thin loaves, which he cut with great exactness, fresh for each arrival, and counted out the prunes. No one had ever known the number to vary from seven for each client.

Occasionally a crowd of wild men from the Beaux Arts would surge in on us: Kenyon Cox, Stott, Dyer; and pandemonium would reign, scandalizing the sober clients and bringing a frown to Père Fuchs, notwithstanding the consumption of his villainous wine.

There are no half tones in the art students' appreciation of the masters. They are superlatively good or superlatively bad. Inherent jealousy of the Montmarte and the Latin Quarter always showed itself in these meetings. There was still much left of the Paris of Murger in its artistic life; the same poor, careless and happy set. There were still Mimis, little Bal de Quatiers, theatres where life was joyous and cost little. Bohemians banged their hair and wore flowing neckerchiefs; art students favored the *blouse* and *béret.*

The Elysée Montmarte and the Boulier had not yet been exploited and were thronged with students,

where they danced to the music of Offenbach, hummed airs from "The Mascot" and "Cloches de Corneville" and became sentimental over "Manon Lescautt." Higher up it was the Paris of Sarah Bernhardt. Gambetta dazzled and the "Grand Old Man," Victor Hugo, was near his end. Meissonier, Gerome, Bonnat and Du Bois reigned in art. Zola had recently published "L'assomoir" and Paul Deroulede kept alive the spirit of the lost Provinces and *la revenche*. Wagner was boycotted at the Opera and the Impressionists were laughed at.

The common places of amusement of the students were not my fixed choice. I went, whenever possible, to the Français, the Grand Opera, the Opera Comique and the Pardelue Concerts; that is whenever my purse permitted. Long before they appeared in this country, I had heard and enjoyed the de Reszkes, Faure, Sembrich and Sarah Bernhardt.

When I arrived in France, fresh from North Adams, there was an unnaturalness to anything I had known before, which gave a keen novelty to everything with which I came in contact. I have since that time seen people in the state I was in and felt a humorous pity for them, but they are not to be pitied, who are drinking a huge and continuous draft of novelty.

In those impressionable years I acquired an affection for France and its people that has always remained. I spent several summers, with French families, in Anjou and Touraine, not as a guest, but as a close and intimate friend of the sons. I saw,

thus, much of the normal life of these people, of the best middle class. There was harmony in their family life, a very great consideration for each other, and an ideal relation between father and son. Life was, to a certain extent, mastered and well ordered, and there was time left over for the consideration of higher things. The fact that I was an American, and the report that the sons gave of my standing in school, was sufficient to ensure me a welcome even to the furtive overhauling and restoring of my poor wardrobe. All the way down the social ladder, this industrious people make the most out of their condition, and extract a pleasure out of life as they go along. It is absurd for Americans to class them as light and frivolous.

In the fall of 1879, after having worked in the school somewhat less than a year, I was seized with an inordinate desire to paint something for the Salon. I found all the characteristics of a young Bacchus, in one of the small Italian models that hovered around the Atelier, and forthwith set to work. I painted the model with all his *gaucherie* and with the approved realism of the school. When it was done I had it carried, by a *commissionaire,* to the *patron's* studio, where I found him with friends. He was somewhat startled at my audacity and murmured something to his friends about the "rapid pace of Americans." "May I send it to the Salon?" I asked. *"Mais oui, mais oui."* This picture, entitled "Young Bacchus," went to the Salon the following spring and, to my great happiness, was accepted.

Early in the same spring I started off with a friend, Henry Walker, for a trip to Spain. I knew several Spaniards who were students in the school, and with them I arranged a very complete itinerary of lodgings in different places in Spain, where we could live cheaply, and by further using third class, for the most part, our travelling expenses combined made the whole trip within our means.

We left Paris cold and cloudy, the train was slow and the journey seemed interminable. After a night on the wooden seats and another long day, we arrived at Perpignon. I do not remember much of Perpignon but I shall never forget the bright warmth of the sun of the Midi, after that terrible grey winter of 79-80, in Paris. We revelled in it like a pair of lizards.

The interior plateau of Spain, as I remember it, on those endless railway journeys, was the most desolate country I have ever seen. There were miles of its rolling distance, where we saw not a house, tree or shrub. I understood that it was La Mancha, and appreciated the irony of Don Quixote possessing such an estate.

Every station in Spain, apparently, had a pair of formidable gendarmes to salute the incoming and outgoing trains. They suggested the old guard of Napoleon, in their uniforms and great cocked hats. Madrid was cold and windy at the season in which we arrived, and the Prado, where we spent most of our time, was like an ice-chest. Its large galleries were

furnished with braziers to which we often went to warm our benumbed fingers.

The pictures more than compensated, however, for this discomfort. We stayed with them for a month, copying hard all the time. It was some time before I could determine which of the Velasquez I preferred but finally centered on two: "Les Fileuses" and "The Maids of Honor"; but even then, "The Lances" would come to mind. Goya did not appeal to me at that time but on the other hand I got a great thrill from the splendid examples of the Italian school that are to be found there.

Our rooms were so cold in the evenings that we preferred sitting in cafés, where there was some heat. Such places, in Spain, are solemn in character, when compared to the lively ones in Paris. We went, from preference, to one apparently much frequented by the bullfighting fraternity. It was interesting to note the lofty position a bullfighter held in public estimation. All eyes would be raised and conversation would cease, when one entered. His table would soon be surrounded by admirers, showing him the greatest deference. One evening a slim-built fellow, with a sharp face and blue jaws, wearing a flattened curl pasted in front of his ear, a short tight jacket and sash-belt, walked proudly in and sat down by the table. In a flash he was surrounded by courtiers. Our garçon hastened to tell us, with upturned eyes, that it was Legartijo, the great Legartijo. We saw him a few days afterwards, when he had just killed a bull with one master stroke of his sword and ten

thousand people woke up and were frenzied. Money, hats, cigars, fans, anything at hand was thrown to him in the ring. He took no notice of them, but walking like a king, saluted the masses with a graceful wave of the hand and a smile.

We went to our first bullfight in Madrid, and for awhile it seemed as if it would be our last. We started to leave the arena at the sight of the broken-down horses with their entrails hanging out, but we found the passageways locked and no one there to open them. So after wandering uselessly about for a time, we went back, and this time took seats so far back that the actors looked like pigmies and the spectacle lost its grimness.

It must be said that the *mise en scène* was wonderful, with the immense and colorful crowd, cut in two by sun and shadow, and the snow-capped mountains looming up in the background. The ceremonious opening procession, headed by Alguazils, in the costume of Charles V and followed by richly clad espadas, banderilleros, and picadors, to present the keys to the presiding body, all accompanied by soul-stirring Spanish music was unlike anything we had ever seen before.

These mitigating pictures so held us that our disgust was gradually overcome, for the most part, and we attended several other bullfights after that, but the horse business never ceased to be a horror.

At Granada, Walker and I decided to be extravagant. A more or less continuous diet of Spanish cuisine for several weeks, made the mere thought of

cooked oil an abomination. We decided that a change would do us good, and alighted at the Hotel Siete Suelos, adjoining the Alhambra. We made, in consequence, a shorter stay in Granada than we intended. I am not going to describe the Alhambra. It has been done over and over again. Romance and sentiment cover it. It did not give me the thrill I expected. Fortuny and Henri Regnault had misled me. The small scale of the Court of Lions, its columns, and above all the pigmy lions themselves, were a distinct disappointment. The towers and walls were impressive and beautiful, in utter simplicity. Beautiful also was its placing against the far distant hills for a background. It was a dream seen from a distance and in the different phases of the setting sun.

In our wanderings about the town we stumbled upon a place where we often went afterwards, with much enjoyment. It was what one might call a large half-underground cellar, improvised into a crude theatre. There was nothing in it but seats, and a cheap stage running across one end. Scenery was entirely lacking and, with the exception of a few footlights, the place was in gloom. As we entered we saw four or five blue-jawed and grimy individuals seated at the back of the stage, thrumming a monotonous accompaniment. They looked thoroughly bored with the work, and their cigarettes hung listlessly from their lips. There were six or eights girls to the right and left. Stage and audience were on familiar terms and spoke to each other freely. The girls were dressed like ordinary gypsies commonly

seen around the Alhambra. Their costumes were cheap and ordinary, and they all had flowers of garish color in their hair. None of them was pretty, but a touch of the slim Arab type redeemed them from the commonplace. The music changed to the wail and passion of a Gitana love song. Two of the girls were on their feet and the rest beat their hands in rhythm. The foot lamps threw fantastic lights and shadows over their faces and busts, and large moving splotches of black on the walls behind them. All the commonplace air of the girls disappeared as they danced, their cheap shawls draped and re-draped themselves, and their heels sharply clicked the floor to accentuate a motion. There were phases in the course of the dance when the smoke-buried audience would thrill, and even the guitarists would be galvanized into life in the chorus of *oles*.

I saw Spanish dancers in later years, in Paris and New York; but they had all become sophisticated and conscious. The *mise en scène* of the theatre, and their own elaborate toilets, made it altogether another thing.

The little pagans of Granada bared their souls in their songs and dances. The favorite theme was the old conflict between the Alcalde and the Ladrone, the latter was the lover, and all were on the side of the thief as he outwitted the former. They were, I have no doubt, quite as ready to use a knife, if thwarted, as the Carmen of Prosper Merimée.

We reached Seville during Holy Week. We were indifferently received at our pension, by the matron

and her staff, who were busy, for the greater part of the day, attending masses or watching processions. Breakfasts were frequently dropped entirely and so stirred were they by the moving events that were going on, that they apparently begrudged us the time spent on bare needs. We were, by this time, educated to patience. There was nothing else to do in Spain, for we were consistently kept waiting in whatever we undertook.

We would wait an interminable time to be served in a shop, to find that the owner was excitedly watching the weather, with others, to determine whether it would be fair or rainy for the bullfight; customers and thieves entirely forgotten. In fact they gave the impression that a customer was rather a bore anyway.

With this in mind you can imagine the casual running of the trains. I talked with an American brakeman at a little station where, for apparently no reason whatever, we spent one or two hours. He pointed out to me, as we smoked cigarettes together, the multitudinous defects of our train and engine. When he had finished I marveled at the speed in which we had already indulged. It seemed like tempting fate. When I left him he remarked portentously, "Say, this line needs Americans."

At Seville we ran across Mazos, a Spanish fellow student at Bonnat's. With his aid we saw Seville very thoroughly, even to the cigarette factory where Carmen slashed a rival's face with her knife. After Madrid the museum of art at Seville is disappointing

to all but those who enjoy Murillo. There are a great number of his works here. To me he is the least interesting of the well known painters, both technically and emotionally.

One evening, during Holy Week, Mazos took us to the Cathedral, where a Miséréré was to be given. I was very glad I went, because I have carried in my mind, a picture of the utmost beauty, ever since. The great Cathedral was then so surrounded by crowding houses and sheds, that it was difficult for a stranger to find its entrance. Its appearance was, moreover, very much marred as you approached it. For this occasion the church was lighted by huge candles, stuck on projecting spikes. The choir was brilliant with red and gold; but in the rest of the church the light failed to reach the lofty vaulting overhead. You had, therefore, the effect of the immense columns gradually disappearing, far above you, into ether. The great and impressive interior, with the added powerful appeal to the imagination, hardly seemed the work of man, and made a lasting impression on me.

To this impression I should add that the Miséréré was sung by Gayarré, the greatest tenor of the period.

In this day of electricity, I suppose the whole interior of the church on such an occasion would be flooded with light, and all its parts brought out, leaving nothing to the imagination. The impression I then received, of the soaring symbolisms of the Gothic, will never be forgotten by me.

Street processions, for the most part through the popular and crowded Calle de los Serpes, are a marked feature of Holy Week. The most elaborate groups, representing the passion and martyrdom, mounted on barges, moved through the narrow streets. Rich, old, bejeweled vestments were brought forth for the occasion.

In addition to the usual conventions observed by other Latin people in treating Holy scenes, the Spaniards added, very often, a repulsive realism of blood and wounds that suggested the "Chamber of Horrors" at Madame Tussaud's. This same morbid streak appears in their church pictures and decorations. The tortures of Hell, mutilations, burnings and blood abound. They seem to glory in the repellent.

We left Seville, as we had Granada, with regret, charmed with its soft climate and luxuriousness. They were both gardens of beauty compared to the region we traversed in going to Toledo; once luxurious under the Moors, now a barren desolation, treeless and herbless.

As we stepped from the compartment of the train at Toledo, we were stopped by a railway employee. Something was wrong, but we could not make out what it was. The gravity of our position came home to us as we saw the two solemn gendarmes close in on us, from either end of the platform and grasp each of us by the arm. We were the objects of a heated conversation for several minutes, during which time horrid pictures of dungeons and inquisitions passed through

our minds. The gloom of this country, the home of the Inquisition, was upon us. Anything might happen. From the crowd about us a man stepped forward, and told us in English, that the glass in our compartment door had been broken. We had not used the window, which had been down and out of sight when we started, but there seemed no way out of the difficulty without going to Court, so to avoid complications and delay we settled the matter with a small fee.

A six mule coach rushed us over the Causeway, through the gate and narrow streets. People jumped into doorways to avoid us. It was the feudal privilege of the coach to use the street, a citizen was self-condemned if he was run over.

Blank walls, small barred windows, doors covered with huge round nail heads were all around, and suggested times of violence and suspicion. Here and there rusty chains, for hanging unfortunates, were still seen, and the spirit of the Inquisition still hovered in the dour gloom of the place and the inhabitants.

The landscape added still more to the picture. The city stopped abruptly with its walls, and a rolling desolate region, bereft of verdure, and of a rusty red hue, was before you. Centuries back, under the Moors, we were told it had been forest and garden, but the Spaniards—ever taking and never replenishing—had made it a desert and kept it so.

At the place where we were staying we almost starved. We simply could not stand the continuous, rank oil cuisine. The wine itself, through being con-

tained in pig skins, retained much of the flavor of the latter. The bread was dense and hard as rock. We found, in a neighboring grocer's, some tins of St. Louis beef, which, with crackers, helped us out.

While there was much of interest in Toledo, we did not find many pictures. It was time, too, for returning to Paris, when the Salon would soon open.

We had a very interesting trip. The Spain of that day was, for Americans at least, a new country. In fact we ran across very few foreigners during our stay.

In other places are found remains of past ages, submerged in modern life, but in Spain you live in archæology.

After I returned from Spain, I again resumed work at the school, and began to be looked on as a "strong man," and enjoyed some consideration.

We had never had *concours,* or competitions, in Bonnat's. These, in other classes, did much to stimulate work, as well as to give standing to the men. A class would devote a whole week to the *concours* and to at least a few, who put all that was in them into the work, it was a week of tense excitement.

It was quite a surprise to all, one day, when the announcement was made that a *concours,* with a prize of fifty francs, would take place at the beginning of the next week. The class of about forty started to work, to make a drawing in the morning and a painting in the afternoon, from the nude figure. By the end of the week the number had dwindled down to a

dozen or so. I had one serious competitor, a Belgian, named William. I thought my chances were very good and so did my friends. On the following Monday we knew the result, William had won, to my second. It was a hard blow to me, and for a second I forgot myself, but Coffin nudged me and I went at once and congratulated the winner.

I continued to work at Bonnat's for some time afterwards, but only irregularly. The repetition of the same thing, week after week, was beginning to grow stale. An offer from Walter Gay to share his studio in the Avenue de Villier was accepted. He was an old student of Bonnat, whose work I admired. He was then painting *genre* pictures, which were beginning to be appreciated by the dealers.

The Avenue de Villier, in the Park Morceau quarter, was then the home of the aristocracy of art. Here lived Meissonier, Sarah Bernhardt, Bastien Le Page, Gervex and many others. It was rather too new and formal to suit the art student, who looks, above all things, for atmosphere in his surroundings.

Encouraged by Gay, I went to the Temple and hired a costume, found a model, and was soon at work on a small canvas of a Louis the Thirteenth cavalier. Not long after it was finished a London dealer, Arthur Tooth, dropped in to see Gay's work, and to my surprise, bought my picture so readily that I regretted asking only one hundred francs for it. Small as was the price I was quite elated for it was the first picture I had ever sold. I suppose it is a feeling common to all young artists in this connection: it is

not so much a matter of money, as satisfaction that some one should so appreciate the work as to buy it.

Gay was then employing a very well known model by the name of Dulac, who had a wonderful way of entering into whatever part was given him. He was also posing for Mon. Gerome, the painter of "L'Eminence Gris." He had evidently spoken sympathetically to the latter about me and, assuming that I would enjoy meeting him, had arranged an interview for me. Although unknown to him he received me with great kindness. Gerome was then well along in years, but keen and alert, a distinguished looking man with a soldierly bearing. He had all the honors possible in art and was a Senator under the Empire.

His pictures were high expressions of the art of his day, Academic, highly finished and dramatic. My visit was the first of many, for I often took work to him for advice. His suggestions were of much help to me. I shall always remember with gratitude the kindly interest he showed me.

I never felt really at home in the Villier quarter. It was remote from my old haunts and friends and was deadly commonplace. I found a small studio in the Rue Fromontier, in surroundings that possessed the real "atmosphere" and the further advantage of being very cheap. The adjoining studio, even smaller than my own, was afterwards taken by three newly arrived Americans; Taft and Brewster, sculptors, and Vonnah, painter. They evidently were living on very short commons and looked on me

as an artist *arrivé*. My pride kept me from betraying the fact that I was equally hard up, but as a matter of fact, even the cheap little restaurants were, at the time, shunned by me as beyond my means.

Things had not been going well at home for some time past, my letters to my father, I fear, were over optimistic in regard to my ability to sell my work. At any rate drafts came from home at much longer intervals and between times I was really hard pushed. Such conditions were too common in my world to be noticed. Dozens of young French students in Bonnat's had come from the provinces with the four or five hundred franc *bourse de voyage* given as a prize by their town. I have seen some of them remain over noon time in the school, and make their lunch off the left-over crusts of bread used for erasing. I never heard a complaint. Their absorption in their work and the rosy future that their youth created made such things into trifles. Then, too, in the little world of the student, like the Orient, poverty has no stigma.

I never noticed any deep socialistic trend among the art students, in consequence of poverty. Occasionally the school would burst into the International, and songs about hanging *bourgeois* to lamp posts were common, but that was mere youthful bravado. Everyone of them knew, at the bottom of his heart. that with the killing off of wealthy patrons, art would have a cold outlook indeed.

I now commenced several compositions, notably two: "The Etchers" and "Le Recit," each containing a number of figures, on which I worked all winter,

intending to send them to the coming Salon of 1883. They both passed the jury and were hung on the line. The press notices that I got were very satisfying, most of them foreshadowed a bright future "for the young artist," one or two placing "The Etchers," among the best *genre* pictures of the Salon. I sold both of them and received, besides, several commissions: one dealer of Paris, Tripp, of Arnold and Tripp, offered to take all I did.

My studio was very near the Place Pigalle. The latter was the real art centre of the north end of the city, as the Latin Quarter was of the south. It was, in a measure, antagonistic to the Academic Beaux Arts. The locality was not unfitting to this spirit of revolt. Here the Commune had held out longest, here against blank walls hundreds of Communards were said to have been shot summarily, and been buried in quick lime under the pavement.

Either in the Place Pigalle or near by, lived Degas, Henner, Boldini, Alfred Stevens and many other well known artists of that day; who foregathered at the Rat Mort, Chat Noir or the Café de la Rochefoucauld. The last was much frequented by the artists of the quarter, bringing with them, at times, their models, for the midday meal. Occasionally writers like Aurelian School, Henry Rochefort of the "Intransigeant" were there. It was by no means a typical Bohemian resort. Most of its clients were men well known in the world of art and literature. There were quiet, interesting men like Degas, who ate his meal with hardly a word, and serious men like

Cormon, who discussed archæology. There was, however, a younger element such as Caron d'Ache Forain and Lunel, who brought in plenty of animation. It was this set that, after Mardi Gras, wore their costumes habitually, in the quarter, for several days. It was a quarter not easy to surprise.

Living as I had, shut up in a studio so long, it was a pleasant variation to see something of home life once in a while. This I was able to do quite often through my friends, the Bordes. Achille, the son, about my own age, had been a student at Bonnat's for a time and I had met him there. His health, which was not good, interfered greatly with continuous work, but we became very close friends. I had spent a portion of a winter with him in Algiers and had become almost a recognized member of the family. I was then enabled to see more of the intimate French life than was usual with American students. The family were of the best *bourgeois* type of French people: the father an engineer and the son a graduate of Lycée, and possessing a talent that he was unfortunately never able to carry far.

My pleasantest recollections are of summers spent at Rablay, some twenty miles south of Anger in Anjou. It was the old country of La Vendée and full of the scars of civil war, but now beautiful and serene and covered with vineyards. The yellow *genet* plant, growing wild, told of another Anjou still older: that of the Plantagenets, and the people talked about Foulke Nerra and King Rene, as though they were recent events.

Life in general, I imagine, had changed very little in many generations. It was the leisurely life of an older France: ceremonious observance of the nice relations between land owners—long drawn out meals —and general indifference to time—as well as a bounteous hospitality.

The fact that I was an American gained me consideration in their eyes, although I suspect they imagined that under a veneer I was a Natty Bumpo. I remember that one day Madame Bordes desired, for dinner, a large pike, from among other pike and eels, that were kept in an eight by ten tank of spring water to get rid of their muddy flavor. Neither the gardener nor his net could be found and anxious to aid Madame Bordes I got a fishing rod and dropped the bare hook gently under his nose as I used to "hook up" suckers at home, and laid him on the bank. Never had they witnessed a pike taken in such a way. It was truly the American showing through.

Among these people the vine and its product are always topics of conversation. At luncheons that I attended some six or eight wine glasses went to each place. Beginning with the lowest the quality of the wine would rise successively during the meal to the oldest and finest of the vineyard. It was in no sense the gratification of the appetite, but the keen appreciation of experts in aroma and flavor, men who could tell you, after tasting and smelling it, the year it was bottled and the *clos* from which it came. Conversation would stop when the supreme bottle was brought in, horizontally, and served. There was a

sense of reverence as the *bouquet* was noted and the glass drained. The poetry of the grape and the appreciation of it as one of the beautiful products of the earth were thus temperately and lovingly exalted.

During the last part of my long stay in Paris I lived in a studio at 28 Rue Rodier, just off the Avenue Trudaine, sharing it with a very delightful Californian named Ralph Selby, who had also worked at Bonnat's atelier. We had been companions on a trip home and back some time before. Returning on the old Pennland, a vessel much favored by American artists, we found fellow passengers in William M. Chase and two or three other artists. On a previous trip Robert Blum and others had painted one or two panels each for the smoking room and we filled in most of the thirteen or fourteen days of the slow steamer, by completely decorating the room. On a still later trip I noticed that all the panels had been taken out and new ones were in their places.

Chase was then the popular artist in New York, with crowds of pupils. He was a generous-souled fellow with hosts of friends, and also the happiest artist in his work that I have ever seen. He had a wonderful dexterity and finished a picture in two or three days, with none of the tedious preparation and changes over which so many artists wear out the enthusiasm of the start and become despondent before the end. To him, finding one of his pictures anywhere was like meeting a dear old friend. To most of us it was embarrassing. He loved to travel with a trunk full of studio bibelots of curious variety: such as

shrunken Inca heads, the size of an apple. These he would display on deck, from time to time, enjoying, like a child, being the centre of interest.

In the Rue Rodier I painted a number of pictures among which were "Aladdin," "Lalla Rookh" and "The Cabaret," all of which were taken by Arnold and Tripp. My near neighbors here were Willard Metcalf, who even then was doing charming landscapes, although we had always looked upon him as a painter of the figure, and Samuel Isham. Occasionally Twachtman would join us, as well as Fosdick, and Wiles. Isham was a natural-born host and took great pleasure in little dinners to which he asked us, especially during the holiday season, when he would outdo himself in his effort to surprise us with thoroughly American dishes.

We all went often to the theatre, mostly to the Variatés to see Judic and Baron in pieces like "Mamselle Nitouche" and "Lille" or to the Palais Royal where Rejanne was playing "Divorcons," and other pieces. All of these plays were close reflections of current Paris life and dropped from sight as it changed. Without being great and lasting, they were extraordinarily bright and witty and drew crowds, at the time.

My group of friends, as far as Americans and English were concerned at least, was always changing, because, for the most part, they would only stay in Paris for a couple of years. A good many lifelong friendships were established in these years, however, although I was soon to lose two very dear ones in Bordes and Selby.

I had begun to be rather troubled about my work, becoming very tired of the type of picture I had been doing since my Salon pictures of 1883, and I wanted a change. Whenever I started to attempt this, Tripp would pull a long face and object. The dread of becoming a hopeless employee of the dealer, examples of which there were plenty about me, worried me. I realized that the success I had had, in many ways, was premature and bad for me and arresting all natural progress.

Besides this my people were getting well on in years, father at the time was seventy-two. All things considered it was time for a break. At the same time, I approached New York with a good deal of dread, for, from what I had heard, it was a struggle for young artists to succeed there.

IV

NEW YORK

New York rather depressed me on returning. The streets were dirty (Colonel Waring was not to come for eight or nine years, to teach the city cleanliness) and were lined with debased architecture interpreted by brown stone, cast iron and zinc. Above the Metropolitan Museum the city faded into cheap frame houses and finally into Squatter Town itself. This latter was made up of anything handy, bits of timber, old tin roofs, and flattened tin cans. Families lived here with pigs, goats and chickens.

There were a few sections in the lower part of the town, such as North Washington Square, lower Fifth Avenue, and Stuyvesant Square, where an earlier good taste still survived and an unpretentious dignity prevailed. There were also newer structures of merit appearing here and there, by Hunt, McKim, Mead and White, and others, but in the main the streets had little to offer that was not deadly commonplace, if not vulgar, in appearance.

The artists of that period were more or less to be found in the neighborhood of the Sherwood Studio Building (Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue) and Fifty-fifth Street in particular, and downtown about Tenth Street. The older and more conservative ones were in the latter region. I found in the

uptown region many of my old Paris friends, such as Beckwith, Kenyon Cox, Coffin, and others, who at once helped me to locate, and to train me to the new conditions.

Apparently things were none too rosy. Dealers would have nothing to do with their work, and as far as their influence went, the public was equally indifferent. Some of the men were doing illustrating, others teaching in Art Schools or conducting classes of their own. I rented a studio at 138 West Fifty-fifth Street, over a stable, owned by Dr. Seward Webb. His brother, Louis Webb, had one adjoining me. The block was largely given over to artists' studios, and stables.

Sixth Avenue and its surroundings, in the vicinity, were anything but picturesque. A spur of the elevated railway ran here, darkening the whole street. Meat markets, candy stores, and shabby restaurants, with "Quick Lunch" signs abounded. Everything seemed sordid and mean. The bright, cheerful café and the cosy restaurant of Paris were lacking. We had no home, no club, and used to consort together sadly in the rear room of Mack's Saloon, for lack of anything better.

The time honored antagonism between new and old schools of Art had become quite marked before my return, and had resulted in the organization of the new school into The Society of American Artists, as a protest to the conservatism of the National Academy of Design. It had elected William M. Chase as its President, and among its members were

Saint Gaudens, Sargent, Weir, LaFarge, Warner, Brush, and Thayer. I became a member soon after settling in New York. The Society flourished for many years as an active, liberal body. Its exhibitions were by far the best annual shows of the year. It took a large part in erecting the Fine Arts Building in Fifty-seventh Street, which contained galleries for its exhibitions. It only ceased to exist in 1906 by which time so many of its members had been taken into the Academy and conditions in the latter were so changed that its original purpose had disappeared.

Back in the days when I had been a student at Bonnat's, I had met two New York artists, St. John Harper and C. Y. Turner, who had been visiting the various Paris schools in the interests of the Art Students' League. They had begged several of my drawings to hang on the walls of the League. I had quite forgotten this, and was agreeably surprised, one day, to get a call from Frederick Lamb, then President of the school, asking me to take charge of the men's Life Classes, in drawing and painting.

The Art Students' League was then in West Twenty-third Street, where it continued, until, in conjunction with the Society of American Artists and the Architectural League, the Fine Arts Building was erected about 1893, into which it moved.

The League was administered by the student body and was a very successful school both financially and from the point of view of art. Altogether, I taught at the League from 1886 to 1901. In those days artists were very glad to obtain these positions, for

they at least assured living expenses and more independence in regard to what one painted. I became, moreover, interested in many of my students which developed into friendships that have continued ever since. Many of these are well known today, such as Bryson Burroughs, Mora, Vaillant, Tack, Kenneth Miller, Haskell Coffin, Ballin and Schwartz.

Among the instructors there were Saint Gaudens, Chase, Weir, Twachtman, Brush, Cox, and Beckwith.

Besides the League I had, at different times, classes at the Gotham Art Students and the Metropolitan Museum School of Art. The Gotham Art Students, on Broadway and Fourth Street, was founded by John Sharp, a lithographer himself, for the purpose of furnishing night classes for lithographers, engravers and such others as were otherwise employed by day. Sharp was a wage earner himself, who made nothing out of the school and was influenced solely by the wish to aid others. The school became the best evening school in New York, flourished for several years and dropped out with the death of Sharp, about 1892.

In those early, meagre days of the late eighties, even boarding schools held out a small source of income to the artist. Soon after settling in New York, I taught, for a short time, a class at The Misses Ely's School, then in Brooklyn. That city was then a considerable distance from New York and I was loath to take out of my work more than two days a week for teaching, so I soon gave it up.

Several of my pictures had gone to New York while I was still living in Paris, among them the "Alchemist," 1885, and "Aladdin," 1884. The latter had been exhibited and had attracted considerable attention among the artists as well as others. I was not then wholly unknown.

Almost immediately after settling I received a visit from T. B. Clarke, who was one of a very small group of men in New York who believed that there was some good in American art. He bought largely himself, and had others in his train who followed his judgment, such as Benjamin Altman, and Brayton Ives, so that a purchase by him, from an artist, meant the almost certain sale of other pictures. He was untiring in his search for men of promise, and assisted many an undiscovered artist to find a purchaser for his work.

Undiscovered artists are not, as a rule, exorbitant in the prices they put on their pictures, but Clarke fully deserved the good bargains he made in many cases, not only for his discernment, but also for bringing about later purchases at fairer prices.

The result of his call on me was the purchase of a small picture that I had commenced, the first I did in New York, called the "Genii and the Peri." This was followed by his taking "The Sisters" and the "Rose Festival" in 1886, the "Evening Breeze" in 1887 and the next year a commission for a decorative panel entitled, "The Month of Roses," for the New York Athletic Club House tea room, at Travers Island.

I have heard him called shrewd, and that he was only buying for an ultimate sale when values had enhanced. He established the Annual Clarke Prize, at the Academy, and when American art was very little considered, bought American pictures, and was a large factor in bringing it final recognition. For my own part I know that he was a godsend in those early years and I have never ceased to feel grateful to him.

I used to spend much of the summer in the city and recall its deserted look. Fifth Avenue was especially so, with boarded up doors and closed blinds. The theatres, Terrace Gardens, Koster and Bials, where we occasionally went, were never more than partially filled. Even in the season, when people returned, overcrowding of streets and amusement places was abnormal. There were no skyscrapers, and the great majority of the buildings were three or four stories in height, so that street capacity easily bore the strain.

Speaking of theatres recalls the early effort to popularize Wagner and German Opera at the Metropolitan Opera House. There was a decided prejudice against it by most people, except Germans. The cult of the French and Italian music was too deeply rooted to expect anything but a slow process of education. Poor scenery and costumes and a general heavy and dull German atmosphere attracted meagre houses. It was not until later, with the advent of Alvary as Siegfried, Lilli Lehmann as Brunhild, Fischer and others, that public appreciation began to show itself.

Edward Stanton, the Director, used to come occasionally to the Renaissance Club, which we had lately formed, and where there were frequent suppers. It may have been a desire to convert us or it may have been merely to fill the gaps in the auditorium, but bunches of tickets were always sent to us for ourselves and our friends.

In 1886, two events occurred, the significance of which I utterly failed to realize for several years. They seemed to have no relation to each other at the time, yet when their results were later combined they produced a very remarkable thing.

About 1882 my father had become consulting chemist of the American Zylonite Company of Adams, Massachusetts. A large plant had been created, but baffling questions of chemistry constantly appeared, and made success a matter of doubt. An expert was badly needed, and it was at this moment that my father was sought.

His studies for twenty years had been devoted to analogous forms of cellulose; that is to say, nitroglycerine and gun-cotton, so that he was admirably equipped for such a position, and went to it sympathetically. Celluloid was no new substance at the time. It was already in the market as imitation ivory, tortoise shell, and amber. The new concern had to meet hard competition and avoid litigation, so new and more economic methods were necessary.

There is no need for my carrying this subject further than to say now to what it was meant to lead.

Celluloid was an opaque substance, but incidentally, in the course of his researches, my father had developed a perfectly clear product, which, when rolled thin, resembled isinglass, except that it was very flexible. It was a curiosity, but of little importance in the many varieties that were being made. I believe its main use was in boxes for candy.

One day, Louis Webb brought to my studio a man named Mybridge, an Englishman, who wanted to show me some studies of horses in motion that he had been makng with the camera. He was a fanatic on the subject, and was then carrying around his charts to show the artists how insignificant their knowledge of motion was. He had made these studies in California, where Leland Stanford had backed him financially. Obtaining a race track, he had arranged thirty cameras at equidistance from each other. Each had a thread attached to its shutter, which the contact with the horse would open. His charts were very remarkable, and I felt that I was seeing, for the first time, the elements of motion.

The subject created a great deal of discussion and comment among artists in this country and in Europe. I never considered it, however, of any great value to the painter. No one detail alone, of his photos, suggested motion, any more than would the spoke of a wheel. The sculptor might find aid in it, but the painter must follow largely the impression made on the eye, when gazing at a running horse, and that impression is a composite of all the elements.

There was something more important than this involved in these charts. A child's toy called a zoötrope

next comes into the case. Revolved rapidly in this the effect was that of a living horse at full speed. I do not know what later steps Mybridge took, but I understand that the matter finally came to the attention of Mr. Edison. It was held up for a long period, for want of the proper material on which to make the photographs, but ultimately out of it came the great movie industry of today.

How little I imagined, as I sat turning over these charts of Mybridge, that I was overlooking a chance that a quicker mind might have grasped, for I was at that moment a sort of unconscious connecting link, the sole person who had knowledge in advance, of two novel discoveries, moving very slowly towards each other: the moving horses of Mybridge and the transparent film substance that I had seen often on my father's desk at home.

I worked hard during these years. I begrudged the two whole days I had to give to teaching, yet the other work I did, such as illustrations and genre pictures, failed to satisfy my conscience. In fact inwardly I was rather ashamed of the work I was producing and felt that I ought to do infinitely better. The ease with which I disposed of my work even troubled me. It suggested that type of popular picture which I despised, but which found such a ready market with the public. The large, important work, the mural decoration, for which I was willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of doing, never came, although from time to time hopes would spring up. Meanwhile, with nothing better in view, I was fairly

prospering, so much so that I moved over to better quarters in the Sherwood Studio Building, where many of my married friends lived, such as: Beckwith, Blashfield and Brush, as well as Clyde Fitch, Frank and Bolton Jones and Harry Watrous.

It was a delightful little community, with impromptu dinners, musical evenings and constant sociability that even the three days imprisonment of the great blizzard could not dash.

The year 1888 was eventful in several ways. In that year I married, in that year occurred the great blizzard, and then also occurred a wave of business depression all over the country that had a most disastrous effect on the sale of pictures.

No one living in New York at the time of the blizzard will ever forget its fury. Nothing approaching it has occurred since in the way of snow storms. The evening before, Sunday evening, was soft and wet. A new fall of snow covered the streets with slush. During the night a howling storm from the northwest struck the city and the mild snow storm then prevailing turned the air into an inferno. When I woke up in the morning of the twelfth of March, the whole world, from my window, was a smear of whirling snow, the opposite side of the street was invisible, the car lines had ceased to run and the streets were deserted. The storm continued, with slowly diminishing force, for three days and some forty inches of snow fell.

During this period we, in New York, were shut off from the world except for the ocean cables. I

believe there were cases where Boston was reached by way of Ireland. There were no mails, no papers, no milk, for the reason that no trains entered the city, and many supplies ran short before order was re-established. Snow on the streets, when finally piled to permit street car traffic, reached the second stories of houses. With our sky-lights covered with snow in the Sherwood, our studios were so badly lighted that work was out of the question and no models could keep their appointments. The little community of the building, however, made the best of the situation with concerts, dinners, impromptu theatricals which left rather a pleasant recollection of the event.

In June following the blizzard occurred my marriage with Helen Amelia Millard, daughter of Henry S. Millard, of North Adams, Mass. We had been school-mates at Drury Academy, in different grades, until one had gone to Miss Porter's School at Farmington, Connecticut, and the other to Paris.

Following the custom a "farewell" dinner was given me at Siegortner's, by my friends, and after the marriage we were given a warm welcome by the delightful little coterie of the Sherwood.

The same year I received the Clarke Prize for my picture, the "Evening Breeze," recently finished and exhibited at the Academy Exhibition.

This period has always seemed to me to be a turning point in my work. I began to feel more and more a dissatisfaction with what I had been doing. It is not uncommon for artists to come sharply up to mo-

ments of this kind and seek a new methed of expression for the one they have worn out. I was tired of the photographic realism of the school in which I had been educated, and its blighting dependence on the model for everything. A fondness for the Italian art of the Renaissance came over me. I wanted above all things to do mural work.

There was little real decoration in the country, and no one who practiced it, to any successful degree, except John LaFarge. Opportunities were very remote.

A small commission of this kind was given me in 1889, by Mr. Clarke. It was for a panel three feet by six, to go over a mantel in the New York Athletic Club's reception room at Travers Island. It was called "The Month of Roses," the club's opening day being in June. I accepted it with joy as my first decorative work. It was, as a matter of fact, very amateurish as a bit of mural work, but it left me with a keen desire to do more.

After that no opportunity for decorating came to me for two or three years. In June, 1892, my wife and I were starting for France. The day before sailing Saint Gaudens called me up on the telephone and asked me to lunch with him at the "Players." I found him there with George B. Post, the architect. The latter was then making the plans for the house of C. P. Huntington, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street.

I had never met Mr. Post and I am sure he knew nothing of my work, but Saint Gaudens had always

insisted that I was a decorator, and such was his standing at the time, that Post accepted his opinion without question, and offered me the commission to decorate the main hall and the barrel vaulted corridor, in all some twenty-one lunettes, large and small.

I was supremely happy and could hardly get home quickly enough to share the good news with my wife. To sail for France next day was in itself exciting, but to carry with me the plans of a seven thousand dollar commission was beyond words.

This work occupied me for the next two years and was the reason for taking no part in the preparations for the World's Fair at Chicago, in 1893, in which nearly all the artists in the country were engaged.

My father's death occurred in 1891. He was one of the very large number of victims of the epidemic known at the time as the "grippe," that spread all over the country. For two or three years before his death he had been retained by Sir Hiram Maxim, representing the Maxim, Nordenfelt Arms Co. of London, for the development of a smokeless powder.

For many years chemists had been working for such a product, and during the late eighties and early nineties there was a keen contest in Europe and America, to this end. The development of nitroglycerine and cellulose, of late years, had greatly narrowed the field of investigation and seemed to promise a successful result in the near future. It was because of his special knowledge of these elements that "Mowbray, Senior" was sought out by the Maxim, Nordenfelt Arms Co.

The terms of the agreement with the latter were very satisfactory, and the accomplishment would be, in a way, the crowning effort of an active life. Everything pointed to success and patents had been applied for. It came too late in his life, however, for age and its infirmities intervened. Confined, for the most part to his bed, he directed the work through assistants, among whom was Hudson Maxim, brother of Sir Hiram. Before patent rights could be obtained, he died in June, 1891, at the age of seventy-seven.

In his innermost heart, I am sure, was the half regret that I could not have been by his side, in such a moment, fully equipped to carry his work to a finish. Regrets for my helplessness came to my mind many times during those closing days. If there were such thoughts he never mentioned them and seemed completely happy in the conviction that I was succeeding in life in my own way. It had always been like this with him. I believe that later on Hudson Maxim obtained patents for a smokeless powder which were purchased by the United States Government.

In 1890 I purchased a house at Sixty-six West Eleventh Street, and converted the upper story into a studio. We lived here until we definitely left New York to live in Washington, Connecticut, in 1907. Here my mother came after my father's death, and here in 1897 my son George was born.

Notwithstanding the great impetus that the World's Fair had later, on American art, no more mural work came my way before 1898. During those

three or four years I painted several pictures: "Idle Hours," "Attar of Roses," "The Last Favorite" and "Le Destin." The last was partially painted in Florence, during the summer of 1896. I have always considered it the best of my easel pictures. Some of my best illustrations were also done in that period, such as "Paestum" by John Hay, "The Wedding Gown" by Alice Archer Sewall and "Night and Morning in Jerusalem" by Katherine Trask.

A number of small portraits were also of that time, notably one of my wife and child, Miss Carol Macy, Mrs. Stevens, "Lady in Black" and a "String of Pearls." After this period I abandoned completely the easel picture and mural work became my continuous occupation.

Having mentioned "Seigortner's" let me say a few more words about the place, for it was a favorite resort of artists in that age. This type of establishment has so completely disappeared from New York that it may be interesting to the modern reader. It was located in Lafayette Place, in a rambling suite of rooms, in what had been a very imposing house, in the past. I recall black and white marble floors, dark panelled woodwork, open grate fires and candles.

No one ever went to Seigortner's for a quick lunch. Seigortner had very definite ideas about cuisine. There were certain things that should never be cooked before the client was ready to eat them and he was always on hand to know that moment. If you had to wait the waiting was always rewarded by the perfection of the dish. The place was steeped in the tradi-

tions of Sam Ward and Col. Tom Ochiltree, past masters of days gone by, when men knew how to eat. The memory of many a departed bon vivant still lived in connection with a special dish or drink: a "Sam Ward" or a "Tom Collins." To Seigortner eating was a ritual that allowed no garish lighting, loud music or disturbing noise to divert the mind from the savour of the dish or the *bouquet* of the wine.

The old man was full of stories of shadowy celebrities that had come and gone, and succumbed to his art. In the early nineties New York was moving up town and Lafayette Place was out of the world. Seigortner's followed the trend, but it was never the same and soon disappeared altogether.

I remember one evening when a party of us had been dining at Seigortner's we went to see a melodrama called "Lagardere" at the Niblo's Gardens, not far away, on Broadway. The play itself was nothing, but between the acts came a Spanish dancer by the name of Carmencita. She had been dancing here for some time, without attracting any particular attention. She afterwards moved to Koster and Bial's, where Sargent found and painted her. This painting was in the exhibition of the Society of American Artists in the year 1889 or 90. She came to dance for us one evening in Beckwith's studio in the Sherwood, where a number of artists and friends were gathered to watch her. With my recollections of Granada in mind she seemed rather artificial and conscious, as well as made up for the part. From then on she had a great vogue in New York. Sargent got the real spirit of the Spanish dancer in his "El Jaleo."

V

CHICAGO FAIR AND AMERICAN ACADEMY

Charles Moore and others have termed the World's Fair at Chicago the Renaissance of this country's art. It was, without doubt, the most significant event in its history. To fully appreciate this one must turn back and note the poverty of the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. With only sixteen years between the two events, the achievement of the World's Fair appears little short of marvelous.

The plans calling for the creation of a great group of classic buildings on the shores of Lake Michigan, presented an opportunity to students of the Renaissance such as had never before occurred in the country. It excited a wave of enthusiasm on the part of the artists, and the best talents were drawn into it and given parts. The result was surprisingly beautiful as a whole, and the country was proud of the achievement.

It is easy today to look back and criticise, but it must be remembered that, at that time, the three arts: architecture, sculpture, and painting, had had no training or experience in collaborative work on such a scale, and that in some departments, notably of decorative art, we were pitiably weak. That a hastily mobilized crowd of artists, inexperienced in this direction,

should have accomplished what they did was, in itself, remarkable.

Without a word of disparagement for the capacity of Mr. Burnham, to organize and carry on a work of this magnitude, it is impossible to avoid the conviction that the guiding and controlling force that dominated the work was Charles Follen McKim. From this time onward he became the leading mind in the artistic world in America.

The stimulating effect of the World's Fair became apparent in a period of construction all over the United States. The country was rich and had money to spend. It wanted finer public buildings, State and municipal, and libraries. It wanted interiors enriched by sculptor and painter.

No men knew more clearly the limitations of our artists than the group who had devised and carried to completion the White City, and no individual among them was better qualified to represent this opinion, and to seek a betterment of conditions than

Charles Follen McKim.

McKim was a man of the highest ideals in his profession, and an ardent student of the Renaissance and the Classic. He was the acknowledged leader of the younger architects, but believed firmly in an orderly and natural evolution in the arts. He had a whole-souled admiration for that perfection of the Renaissance, the spirit of collaboration, that merged the three arts into such harmonious unity. No one more fully appreciated "the value of the thing that endures" than McKim. He wanted the vast sums that

were to be spent to go into things of enduring beauty. Men must be trained for this, trained in the presence of the ideals themselves, and with their lessons constantly before them.

We must do what France, Germany, Spain and other countries have done, go to Italy and get our own reactions at the source. As a consequence of these conclusions The American School of Architecture was established in Rome in 1894, with residence in the Villa del Aurora.

In the first three of four years of its existence the school never had more than two student architects at a time, John Russell Pope was the first to be sent out from a scholarship fund established by McKim, in Columbia University. He was followed by Lord, Aldrich and McGonigall, Lord, for a time, acting as director.

The school occupied so little space in the Villa that another young and struggling institution, the School of Classical Studies, was given shelter for a short period, under the direction of William Gardner Hale.

In the year 1897 the scope of the school was enlarged to include sculptors, painters, and, it was hoped, musicians and landscape architects. The name was, at the same time, changed to the American Academy in Rome, and as such incorporated under the laws of New York.

The French Academy was, of course, in the minds of the founders. Most of the prominent artists of the day were French taught and the pre-eminence of French technique was unquestioned. The *Prix de*

Rome had a very great prestige; the most eminent French names in the arts and music were winners of this honor, and to win it was the supreme effort of the French student.

England, Spain and Germany have also, in a less impressive form, schools in Rome. All of these were State Institutions and were supported by the respective States.

In the case of the American Academy the burden of maintenance fell wholly upon the small group of artists and friends who had founded it, and who were at first McKim, Boring, Moore (Charles), and Kendall, and gradually increased by Burnham, Harry Walters, Saint Gaudens, Ely, LaFarge, Blashfield, French and myself.

As a matter of fact the new school had a great many more enemies in the start than it had friends. By far the greater part of those artists who had obtained their training in France would not agree that Rome was any longer a centre of art. It might be fine ground for the archæologist, but not for the progressive artist. Of course, art students naturally went to the excellent technical schools of Paris. It required time to convince the artists that our school in no way competed with Paris; that, on the contrary, it welcomed French training and was merely offering a post-graduate course to a select few, to broaden their minds in the atmosphere of the world's finest art.

The French Academy in Rome implied no definite line of work for its students. They were expected to send home a serious example of their work each year, and this complied with, they did whatever they pleased.

The American Academy took architecture for its base and called for the decorative collaboration of sculpture and painting. The aim of the trustees was ultimately to send over each year an architect, a painter and a sculptor for three years. We did not have the means of so doing until after 1904. In the meantime we welcomed scholarships from the Lazarus, Rinehart and McKim endowments, who sent one over every three years. Even in this restricted form the school was a considerable burden to finance for at least ten years.

Time and again our trustees met under the cloud of an existing deficit, but I never knew one of these occasions to pass without the sum being raised. It meant just that to be a friend of the Academy in those early days.

VI

FREDERICK VANDERBILT HOUSE—UNIVERSITY CLUB

McKim and I were returning from Hyde Park one afternoon in October, 1897. I had spent most of the summer there, working on a ceiling of the living room in the new home of Frederick Vanderbilt, designed by McKim. The work was finished and I was much relieved and also contented by the way it had been received. We had consequently dropped shop, as we settled down comfortably on the train returning to New York.

McKim was usually at his best in such relaxed and informal moments and it was hard, generally, to resist his persuasive and inspiring talk. It dealt, on this occasion, largely with the future of art and with the American Academy; things that might be hoped to create higher standards in this country of unknown possibilities. He felt that the role of this country, for some time to come, was to catch up rather than to attempt to prematurely create, and he was not in sympathy with those who would close the book and start new in their impatience to evolve a national art.

As Rome went to Greece, and later France, Spain and other countries had gone to Rome, for their own reactions to the splendid standards of Classic and Renaissance Art, so must we become students, and

delve, bring back and adapt to conditions here, a groundwork on which to build. Especially true was this in the art of decoration. There were, at that time, many examples of mural paintings in this country, and many capable artists: LaFarge, Simmons, Cox, Blashfield and many others had done admirable work, but their work was in the nature of a part rather than the whole problem. The work of the artist, as a rule, ceased when the panel, or lunette, was delivered.

We had, as yet, no great outstanding example of an ensemble, where true decoration had brought all the elements into perfect harmony of color and form. "We were," to use McKim's words, "starving for standards within reach to stimulate our taste and inspire emulation." It was a pity, he continued, that more artists would not consent momentarily to become students, and endeavor to grasp the spirit that produced Rome; and he pitied the artist who did not feel humbled before its splendid examples of art. "I have just been there and speak from experience; I think, for example, of the Borgia apartments, its perfect unity, its glory of color and masterly detail. Think what it would mean to have such a thing here with us. In the library of the University Club House, that I am working on, I would give the world to have reproduced that grave richness of Pinturicchio. I am fearful of the garishness of modern decoration for a library. The decoration of such should whisper and not shout. If you ever felt like undertaking a bit of self-abnegation and spending two or three years in Rome, like the very student I

have been talking of, I'd like to get you the commission to do some copying that might serve us in the Library's decoration."

I had had, myself, for several years, a strong desire to go to Italy and study decoration, especially the earlier works of the Renaissance. I already knew them, but to know them thoroughly one must copy.

Before we arrived at New York the understanding was reached. Up to this time mural painting had been, for me, only a variation of my work at pictures. From then on I became solely a mural painter.

Not long after this, McKim sent to my studio, the superb Jubilee edition of the work in the Borgia apartments. These rooms had been closed to the public for many years, and were comparatively unknown. They had but recently been re-opened. They remained so until Pope Leo's death, when they were taken over by Secretary of State, Merry del Val, and then again made difficult for public view. This occurred very soon after I had finished my studies of them.

Immediately after the work at Hyde Park, James Brown Lord, architect, asked nine or ten painters to decorate the Court Room and Entrance Hall of the new Appellate Court House, Madison Square and Twenty-fifth Street. Being rather fearful of the artistic temperament, he had stipulated that we accept the services of John LaFarge, as arbiter of all differences. I was assigned a frieze, eighty-nine feet in length, that ran around the elevator shaft and behind the stairs at both ends, on the north end of the

Hall. It was a thankless location. Reid and Metcalf continued the frieze on the east and west sides respectively, while Turner had a small portion, between doors, on the south side.

We at once came to a disagreement on the question of scale of the figures. The frieze was only forty-two inches high and the room rather low. My confrères held firmly for life-size figures, necessarily wedged into the narrow space given. I differed with them and held for a small-scale figure. I had already worked out my sketch, a rhythmic succession of groups, separated by winged figures, and representing the evolution of Law, down to our own times. It was continuous without being monotonous, and carried the eye around the room, instead of arresting it at any one spot. The arbiter held that my idea was sound and we had no further trouble.

As a matter of fact the whole should have been given to one man, instead of dividing it up among four, and in this way, perhaps, some of its tawdry overdecoration might have been avoided. The worst instance of this division of work was in the court room itself, on the east wall, where there are three distinct pictures, by as many artists. It is like having three speakers on the same platform.

It needed but one more piece of work (Board Room of the Prudential Life Insurance Company, Newark) to fully convince me that the whole method of mural work was wrong; that we had all been working on the basis of the detail of painting. One man made the design of the whole, another executed the orna-

ment, another did the gold work, and finally the painter did the paintings. The decorator should have control over all these details from the start, each one to enhance the value of the paintings, and produce a whole, and compel one to say at first sight, not "What a fine painting that is," but rather, "What a beautiful room."

Some three or four years went by before I received the commission to decorate the University Club Library. The project came up from time to time only to be dropped again. Outside a small group there was no enthusiasm among the members for art. Fortunately the small group was energetic and influential; such as McKim, the architect, Charles T. Barney (Chairman of the House Committee), James Alexander and Judge Howland (President of the Club).

McKim never dropped an idea if it pleased him. He hung on like a bulldog. The ceiling and walls were left white, so as to excite comment.

The entertainment of Prince Henry of Prussia in 1902 did much to call attention to this lack of completion of the beautiful room.

This was the state of affairs in the late fall of 1901 when, on returning to New York from my place in Washington, Conn., for the winter, I went to my doctor to find out what was the matter with me. He gave me a thorough examination and sent me home to bed. For two months I was a very sick man, without the actual cause being discovered. Typhoid fever was first suspected, but the College of Physicians and

Surgeons found no germs in the blood sample. Twice I went to normal during that period, and each time relapsed on eating food, such as meat. Dr. Barrows had been called in by my regular doctor, and finally, as a crisis seemed to loom up, Dr. Polk was called. I remember his leaning over the foot of my bed and talking about the battle of Knoxville, (I believe), in which his father, the "Fighting Bishop," had taken part, and then quietly asking me how I felt about an operation, to which I said, "Do what you think necessary." It was apparently highly necessary to do something right away, for I learned later that twenty-four hours delay might have been fatal. An operation on the gall bladder disclosed typhoid germs, so that I had the double burden of recovering from a major operation and a case of typhoid fever, at one and the same time. I was too weak to realize my situation, in fact was delirious for a long period. My poor dear wife realized the gravity of it, and I think few of my friends expected to see me again. Finally, after four months of bed, a turn for the better came.

I shall never forget the period when I had passed the crisis of my illness and regained full consciousness of things. I could scarcely raise my hand, but I was serenely happy. All things looked good to me. Something seemed to have burned out of me. All care and worry disappeared. I was interested, like a child, in trifles, and the world was lovely.

I had been away, in my delirium, and had had astounding adventures—discomfort—perplexity—and had at last returned to find my dear wife sitting with

me with a happy face. She had a message, which she gave me later, from McKim: "Tell Mowbray, when he is strong enough to hear it, that the University Club matter is settled and he will go to Rome." This cheering bit of news helped me amazingly, but it was a long time before I regained strength enough even to walk, after leaving the hospital and returning home.

Fully two months afterward, I remember, it was a question whether I would be able to attend a dinner at Charles Barney's. Mr. Barney was then chairman of the House Committee of the University Club, and was using all his influence in favor of McKim's plans for the library. It appeared that the Club had declined to assume the cost of decorating the latter room and in consequence Mr. Barney had himself guaranteed the expenses. The trustees had yet to authorize and accept the plan, and Judge Howland, the president, was to be won over. There were, at this dinner, besides Messrs. Barney and Alexander; McKim, Saint Gaudens, and Stanford White.

McKim was a firm believer in dinners as a means of carrying out objects he had in view. He was always at his best on such occasions, decidedly informal in his methods, and rarely failing to reach results sought, through his amazing persuasiveness and persistency. I have listened to him with a kind of wonder, as he talked to people. He spoke with some hesitation and diffidence in a quiet tone, often searching for a word. He was never fluent, but underneath there was such deep conviction, such a sepa-

ration from petty and selfish motives, that he generally swayed his hearers. J. Pierpont Morgan, who was certainly a force in himself, complained that it "wasn't his library that was being built but McKim's." The Chairman of the building committee of the Rhode Island State Capitol complained that in spite of the committee's unanimous disapproval of the expense, McKim had persuaded them into making a stone dome.

He did not fail on this occasion and completely won over Mr. Alexander to his point of view, the latter stipulating, and this was doubtless prompted by my appearance and apparent weakness physically, that I should have an understudy to complete the work in case I should be incapacitated during the process. In seven years time all of these men, then in the prime of their careers, were dead, and I was the sole survivor of the dinner.

I can only think of Saint Gaudens with affection for the man and admiration for his art. Few men were more modest or unaffected. Nothwithstanding the great position he attained in American art, no one could possibly accuse him of conceit or pose. Quite the contrary, he gave me the impression of one constantly doubting his own ability. He was very emotional (the mixture of French and Irish blood in him would account for this), and suffered over his work, raging at what he conceived his inability to reach results sought. I felt that he was never happy over it—tearing it to pieces and doing it over again and again. Committees were in despair at the time used

by him in finishing a work. He insisted that I was a decorator before I had ever done a bit of mural work, and never lost an opportunity of pushing me forward. It was through him that my relations with McKim came about, which changed my whole objective in life.

VII

ROME

I arrrived in Rome, with my family, in October, 1902. The month is usually a pleasant one there. The heat is past and the crowd of visitors gone. Then the city and its surroundings are beautiful beyond words. I was delighted to be on the ground and about to commence the work I had had so long in mind.

I had written beforehand to Schwartz, an old League pupil of mine, to engage him to assist me. He had just finished his three years course at the Academy, and knew Rome and spoke Italian, and was in this way, especially, a great help to me. After much search without finding a large studio, I finally rented two moderate sized ones, in the picturesque old Via Margutta 33, one of which I used for paintings, the other for plastic work.

I paid an early visit to the Vatican to look over the Borgia Apartments, which suggested so much the type of work I was about to commence. I knew it well in black and white and had studied it closely in all its parts. Nevertheless I was surprised and thrilled when I finally saw it in color. Nothing could exceed the richness and beauty of its low keyed tonality. I may say the same thing of its design and the

manner in which minor details are carried out. It is perfection as mural decoration.

Judging it as a whole its gravity and repose made it an ideal type for the walls of a library. Guardians brought me a ladder and I spent a good deal of time studying the walls closely. Considerable decay existed and there had been much crude restoring, with large details of gold replaced by yellow ochre, but the resplendent effect of the whole overcame these blemishes.

Rome was very puzzling to us at first, as it is, I think, to most Americans newly arrived. There is a smoothness and suavity about the people and their ways, that is very deceptive to the American accustomed to simple and direct methods. He is easily taken in by this until he has learned by experience that every transaction must be first sifted carefully, and that bargaining is an absolute necessity.

We had been searching for an apartment and had found one in a house on the Via Pinciano, which suited us. The entire floor had been leased by a woman, who, after finding how many rooms we wished, agreed to lease that much out of what she controlled. She took us through the rooms, made minor changes in the arrangement of furniture and acted most solicitous of our comfort, yet this very woman deliberately cheated us out of our supposed stairway and entrance, claiming that it did not go with our apartment, and left us with one leading into a rear court, disreputable and dirty. Apparently we had no case, our trusting innocence was to blame.

Older Americans of the "Colony" were very generous with their advice as to how we should comport ourselves, giving many examples of the careless informality of our countrymen, probably too true in the main. We found out later in our stay in Rome, that newly arrived Americans were a great deal of responsibility to them, and apologies were freely made for them. The "Colony" was almost wholly made up of people with no occupation. The male was pathetic in the idleness he had spent his life to attain, and sighed for "desk room" in New York again, although there is no place where a man may be idle with less loss of status than Rome. The women were fiercely active for social preferment and gossip was a high art.

McKim had given me a letter to George Von L. Meyer, the Ambassador, who was his brother-in-law, and at the same time an Honorary Trustee of the Academy. He had received letters from McKim which fully informed him of my plans, both in regard to my own work and the Academy. When we met I told him that we took the Academy very seriously at home, and that the Trustees especially desired me to help it along while I was in Rome. I knew, I said, that good work had been done and thought an exhibition of this work, such as the other Academies held annually, would call attention to it.

"Well," he answered, "you can count on my help."

There was some delay before I could visit the Villa del Aurora, the home of the Academy. It was situated on the Pincian Hill not far from the beautiful

Villa Medici, Napoleon's gift to the French School of Rome.

The grade around it had been much lowered, leaving the Villa and its grounds high above the street level. It was reached by a winding roadway. It had been a part of the famous gardens of Sallust and later of the Villa Ludovisi. The grounds covered about two acres and were laid out with much art. Among other features were groups of ilex trees that were considered old, even in Rome.

On entering the Villa you came at once upon a ceiling painted by Guercino in the entrance hall. The subject, Aurora, gave the Villa its name. A rather narrow, circular stairway led to the second floor, or Piano Nobile. Here, among others, was an imposing room, highly decorated in commemoration of the fact that within its portals the Gregorian Calendar was accepted 1582 under Gregory the Thirteenth.

Knowing what had been done by the pupils of the school, I was confident that we could make an exceedingly good showing in an exhibition, and that we should do as the other Academies did and allow the public to see what had been accomplished.

The initial idea in connection with the University Club work was that of copying merely lunettes from the Borgia Apartments. In the course of the long period of waiting which followed, this was modified very much. By the time I sailed, it was pretty well understood that I was to do as I judged best, with the understanding that the Borgia Apartments represented distinctly the type of decoration desired.

For my own part I felt the hopelessness of carrying anything bodily from the Borgia Apartments to the University Club; except perhaps the color and style. In the University Club Library we had five bays intersecting a barrel vault some ninety-five feet in length; whereas the Borgia Apartments were a series of distinct rooms having no connection other than a door with each other. Besides there were differences in scale, lighting and other respects.

The most I could do in conformity with the original idea would be a free transition. However, having got my bearings, I made the work more and more my own as I went along. It was essentially different in the large plan.

In the five thousand square feet of ceiling and wall that I had to decorate, a very large part was ornament. The hard and rigid running ornament commonly used would have been out of accord with the mellow character of what I had in mind. I wanted that softer ornament that you find on old Renaissance frames, which, when gilded, would present no metallic sharpness.

With segments of the arches made in wood and placed in a light similar to that which they would ultimately have, I worked until I obtained a result that satisfied me. Of course, of all this work, I only needed to retain of each type, enough to reproduce the quantity needed in New York.

There were, in addition, a large number of panels containing sculptured figures and hundreds of little details in gesso and papier-mâché, intended for the

embellishment of costumes and other details. All of these were done first in wax and then cast.

Much of this work was new to me and was only accomplished after many attempts and experiments.

I was a good deal impressed by the excellence and numbers of commercial art schools in Italy maintained by the Government. There are, consequently, quantities of young men available for all branches of commercial art, who thoroughly know their trade. I had some of these men from time to time, to rough out my plaster work and save me time. I could never, however, get them away from the rigidity of straight lines and hard, clean details.

Early in 1903, I received a cablegram from McKim, sounding me as to whether I would be willing to succeed Mr. Abbott as Director of the Academy. It was hard for me to make a decision. I was deeply interested in my own work and hated any interruption to it, yet on the other hand, I was conscious that it was my plain duty to accept out of loyalty to my friends. I finally agreed to act as Director during my stay in Rome. This depended on the duration of my own work.

Previous to the conclusion of this arrangement, I ought to say, that a question had arisen affecting very seriously the life of the Academy itself. It was the matter of subletting the Villa and allowing the men to finish their terms outside. This seemed very significant to me as indicating the degree of despondency of the Trustees. It had always been held by them that in the Villa they had at least "something material

to represent" the Academy, even with scarcely any pupils. Its maintenance was a matter of pride.

It was, without doubt, the crucial moment of the school. There were only two men there at this time. These men were not really our own pupils. They had come to us by courtesy, so to speak, from the Lazarus (Metropolitan Museum) and Rinehart Scholarship Funds. The maintenance of the school was a severe strain on the few individuals who furnished the money.

About July we moved into the Villa. It was my only emolument, as I accepted no salary. We took such rooms as we needed for our own use and turned over to the men the balance, renting the necessary things for furnishing the whole. Thereafter there was a comfortable lounging room with books and magazines where they might bring their friends or spend the evening; other rooms which they might use for work or otherwise. In other words, I did all I could with my small means to make them feel at home.

Midsummer heat was now on and we left Rome about the middle of August to spend a few weeks at Borgo a la Collina, in the Casentino.

The year 1903 was full of events taking place around us. Early in April a very serious strike occurred, that threw the city almost into a panic. The bakeries were closed and no bread was obtainable except what could be furnished from the Military bakeries. Tramcars and cabs had disappeared and the streets were empty. From the eighth to the twelfth of April all life seemed to have stopped.

Troops were finally called in after several lives had been lost and peace restored.

On April twenty-seventh, Edward the Seventh visited Rome. It was a year of great activity among royalty. Both the Kaiser and the Czar were expected soon. April also was full of festas, one of which, the Festa of Pales, commemorated the founding of Rome 2,700 years ago. The city was profusely decorated in honor of King Edward, who was enthusiastically welcomed. We had a close view of him as he came to the Pincio, to pay a visit to Queen Marguerita's palace. While looking rather congested in his Field Marshal's uniform, he had a very pleasant, gracious expression and quite captured the crowd. Everyone had a good word to say of him; how he had, official functions over, put on a tweed suit and lounged about the Pincio Gardens, like the ordinary tourist; how he had tactfully moved from the palace of his host to the English Embassy and from there paid his visit to the Pope.

All this was one of a round of visits that he was making. It was not until years later that the full significance of it was brought home to us.

In connection with the subject of audiences with the Pope I would say that it was the desire of almost every American to have a sight of him. Our Ambassador, being accredited to the Quirinal only, was powerless officially to aid such a desire. It was also pretty generally understood that, in view of our great Catholic population, the Vatican had a keen ambition to have an American representative accredited to it,

and no steps were ever lost to foster this hope. I had an interesting proof of it at this time.

An old schoolmate by the name of Lawrence, whom I had not seen for twenty years, arrived in Rome with his wife. He knew and was a great admirer of President Roosevelt, and only a short time before had, as Congressman for the District, accompanied the President on a trip through Berkshire County, Massachusetts, and was on the coach beside him when a trolley car was in collision with it and one of the party was killed. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence were dining with us as was also Monsignor Mori, Protonotario Apostolico, a man of great charm and intelligence, who had shown me many courtesies.

The mere mention of Roosevelt's name started Lawrence into anecdotes about him, among others the smash-up in the Berkshires. The good Bishop scented close relations with the President and made a mental note. My wife made the suggestion that the Lawrences would appreciate a card to the Vatican, thinking only of the ordinary audiences that were commonly taking place. The Bishop promised to do all he could, but he pleaded the age and feebleness of the Pope and the fact that the royal visits were taxing his strength to the utmost. However, he would let us know. It was a great surprise, consequently, when we learned that the next day a messenger had brought the Lawrences an invitation to a private audience for the morning of the day of the King's audience, which was to take place in the afternoon. The reception was a most cordial one and ended with His

Holiness charging them to express to President Roosevelt his "utmost appreciation and affectionate sentiments."

Two days after the departure of the King of England the Kaiser arrived with the Crown Prince and Von Bulow, as well as four carriages and fifteen horses, among which was the famous white one used in his entrance into Jerusalem. I had a close view of them when the party visited the German Academy, near the Capitol. The Kaiser was very disappointing nearby. His complexion seemed hay-colored and *fade* in contrast to the dark haired crowd surrounding him. The same may be said of the Crown Prince and Von Bulow. In their light blue, much braided uniforms and hussars' caps, they made a stagy appearance.

King Edward had discarded his military escort, once his ceremonial calls were made, but the Kaiser, during his visit, was never without it wherever he went. You would unexpectedly hear the rattle of hoofs, then the carriage, its occupants always in uniform, and more cuirassiers. Then people would step back into the street and resume their purposes.

Before the visit was finished it was very evident that the Germans had overplayed their part, and tired their audience. All the honors went to Edward the Seventh.

Early in the month of July rumors of the Pope's illness began to circulate. When one considered his age, which was ninety-three, it was not surprising that an illness should start a wave of activity in the Catholic world, especially among the Cardinals. All

sorts of rumors were afloat, he had received the Cardinals and said parting words to them, had received the last Sacrament. Two days later a slight operation had relieved him and he asked for the daily papers. On July 10, another operation added to the mystery, and there were general suspicions that Rampolla was keeping the other Cardinals and the public in the dark. At all events the funeral was discussed freely and Cardinal Gibbons had sailed from New York, which looked bad. Ordinary people did not seem to be unduly moved by these events, as far as I observed, except by the prospect of a period of extraordinary numbers to be used in betting on the Banco Lotto.

About this time the heat became intense, and we left Rome for Borgo alla Collina, where we heard of His Holiness' death, on the twentieth of July. We were, consequently, unable to watch that particular chimney from which the issuing smoke announces, by the burning of the votes, that the conclave has agreed on a successor to the Pontifical Throne; nor the ceremony where the *camerlingo* (chamberlain), in this case Cardinal Oreglia, taps the dead Pope's head three times with a silver mallet and says: "Joachim! Joachim! Joachim!" and on receiving no response announces that the Pope is dead; even as Leo himself had, far back, tapped the head of Pius the Ninth and called "Giovanni, Giovanni, Giovanni."

I never saw Leo the Thirteenth but once. That was only a few months before his death, on February 20, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary

of his election, when he was presented with a gold tiara. It took place in the antechamber of his apartment, which was crowded to the utmost. I should rather have seen one of those great functions in St. Peter's which, it is said, carries you back to Imperial Rome. He seemed only half human in his frailty, and yet you felt him intellectually strong and magnetic. His movements were graceful and his voice clear, strong and pleasant. His eyes were singularly bright and mirthful and his neck abnormally small, the whole face differing little in color from his white costume. His hands were fragile and drawn, and the right one very much discolored by snuff. When I considered his age I could not help wondering at his vitality and the most finished performance that I had just witnessed.

VIII

THE EXHIBITION AT THE VILLA DEL AURORA

About the first week in December the Ambassador called me up on the telephone, and said: "I have just had an audience with the King. He has promised to visit the Academy and open the Exhibition on January eleventh. Will you be ready?" I ought to have been prepared for this. It was quite customary for Royalty to open exhibitions. The prospect of the exhibition had been on my mind during the summer and fall, but I had been so busy and absorbed in my work that it had all been of secondary importance for the moment. Now a definite date was fixed and it came as a shock.

Fortunately I had already written fully of my plans to McKim, and had asked for a collection of the student-architects' work, but nevertheless the time between the present and January eleventh seemed terribly short. I cabled the facts to New York at once and consoled myself with the thought that I could count on quick action over there.

I do not mind saying that I was a bit scared at the responsibility I had assumed. I began to wonder whether, in my keen desire to hit a bull's-eye, I had not overestimated the resources to stage it. The mere thought of a fiasco was appalling, not only for

myself but for the Academy, and more than all for the Ambassador who had put implicit faith in me.

Outside of the organization of the exhibition itself, there was a great deal of preparation to be made in a direction new to me. There was to be the official visit of the King and his suite on the morning of the eleventh. The Queen, by the way, was also coming. This was to be followed in the evening by a banquet, to which I had planned to invite the heads of the Academic bodies in Rome.

The planning of the dinner cost me more worry than anything else. The hierarchy of Academic Rome was totally unknown to me. The Ambassador was equally ignorant. He finally called into our councils the sculptor, Apolloni, who was, at the time, secretary of the Academie di San Luca, who I can never sufficiently thank for the service he gave, and we prepared a list that sounded like the New Year's reception at the Quirinal.

Before sending invitations to these gentlemen I had to leave my card at their residences and they, in turn, left their cards for me—and we were acquainted.

Apolloni, with perfect knowledge, arranged the order of their seating at table, and it was there that I realized my debt to him. Apparently each individual had a place in the official hierarchy which indicated his position at all official functions, and a close observance of this was imperative. It was even more complicated, by the extension of the list to include the Minister of Public Instruction, two Senators, and an Ambassador.

In the matter of the dinner itself I had some trouble. The Academy had nothing in the way of resources for such a thing. In New York it would have been a simple matter to have arranged with a caterer for everything, but in Rome such a thing was so unusual that I went to half a dozen of the best restaurants and hotels before I could find one that would consider it at all.

Tapestries, candelabra, and bay trees were borrowed from the Embassy and elsewhere, and altogether the banquet hall, with its Gregorian ceiling overhead, looked very fine.

What troubled me most of all was the lack of news about the architectural work from America. Through December and into January I waited anxiously, and finally Mr. de Castro, our Consul General, appealed to the Custom House in Genoa and Naples to be on the lookout and hasten the cases on their arrival. They came a few days before the exhibition, to my great relief.

The architectural work was very satisfactory as an exhibit, comprising, among others, some especially interesting work by Pope of drawings of the Villa Hadrian, and others by Aldrich and Hoover, architects. There were paintings by Schwartz and Ryland and sculpture by Keck. The whole numbered some twenty architectural drawings, sixty paintings and eight pieces of sculpture.

When the hanging was finished I felt very contented over the show it made and encouraged in the

belief that it would convince doubters that the school was an active, live institution.

While the opening of the Exhibition by the King had little significance purely from the point of view of art, it did count for a great deal in Rome and in fact in Europe. It at once gave the Academy a national character. America became a member of the world's cultural group. It gained an official status that opened all doors to its students. It reached, in a mild degree, an international character, not dreamed of in the plans. Names like Giolitti, Tittoni, Orlando, members of the Government at the time—since better known to the world—and Italian and American Ambassadors, were associated with the event.

The Ambassador and Mrs. Meyer, their two daughters, Mrs. Mowbray and I posted ourselves in the entrance hall. I noticed that the Ambassador gave an anxious glance at the little circular stairway which he thought "would be troublesome to the King." The royal party arrived promptly, preceded by the bicycle escort. The King, short in the legs, and covered by his long light blue army cape or mantle, disappointed one at first view, but this was immediately forgotten in the perfectly natural and cordial manner with which he met everyone. The Queen was beautiful in a dark, serene way, a head taller than her husband.

The King looked about him interestedly, and remarked that "my grandfather occupied this Villa during the early days in Rome. I have often been

told about it, but this is the first time I have been inside its walls."

We then went single file up the stairway without untoward incident, and thence, the King and Mr. Meyer, the Queen and I, made the rounds of the exhibition. The Queen conversed in French and the King in English. Like most Latins they had an inherent appreciation of art, talked of it intelligently and looked closely at the technique of the exhibits.

I had filled the end of a smaller room with one of my large lunettes for the University Club, and by way of illustration had attached to the canvas, temporarily, the papier-mâché relief work. (This, my wife and I had sewn on with needle and thread.) On account of the largeness of the canvas I hoped people would view it from a distance, and this temporary aspect be unnoticed, but curiosity drew the Queen closer. She smiled as though she had caught me in a trick. A bust of Vedder, the artist, by Keck, attracted their attention. It had a kind of leonine air, with long, drooping moustaches. The King remarked, "That reminds me very much of my father-in-law," meaning the Queen's father, the King of Montenegro.

The King questioned me closely in regard to the Academy. He seemed highly gratified that it had come to Rome, and at my assurance that we considered it the one and only place to come for our purposes, both he and the Queen, on leaving, expressed their appreciation of the work exhibited and their wishes for the future of the Academy.

I was quite overwhelmed, by congratulations, after their departure, and especially touched by the kindly spirit of old Monsieur Guillaume, Director of the French Academy. Forbidden to the dinner by his doctor he had insisted on coming to the reception, to welcome us as a "Sister Academy." Among others who wished us well were Tittoni, Minister of Foreign Affairs—Orlando, Under-secretary of Public Instruction—Prince Colonna, Mayor of Rome—Fiorilli, of the Department of the Beaux Arts—Luzzato, First Secretary of the Department of the Interior.

It no doubt surprised many Americans, accustomed to the lukewarm attitude of our country to art in general, to hear that the opening of the Academy was an event of first magnitude in Rome.

One must consider what a tremendous asset art is to Italy, and also that the great traditions of art are still alive, in the appreciation of it if not in its further creation. Heads of Academic bodies are in positions of great dignity and command general respect, and in the lowest classes you find a naïve, inherent response to the beautiful. Art is about all there is left of their past glorious civilization, but it is its flower and undying.

About thirty-five guests sat down to dinner in the evening of the day of the exhibition. Among them were Monteverde, President of the Academy of San Luca—San Martino of the Academy of Music—Rosso of the Beaux Arts—Lanciani, Director of Archæology—Moraldi, of the Association of Architects. Among others were Pavia, Chairman of the

Committee of the St. Louis Fair—Norton, of our School of Archæology—Vedder and Simmons.

We had barely commenced when Signor Pavia happened to mention that Mayor des Planches, the Italian Ambassador to Washington, had just reached Rome that day. It was at once proposed to send a messenger to the Hotel du Quirinal and invite him to join us.

In a very short time he arrived and was wildly received. Somewhat confused to find himself in an unknown house, with such a large assemblage of men in evening dress, he insisted on returning to his hotel and rectifying his appearance. The incident broke the somewhat formal atmosphere of the assembly and amazingly loosened tongues. The utmost cordiality prevailed. All were toasted who should be toasted. The Ambassador made a particularly good speech, on the origin and ambitions of the Academy and why it was in Rome, and the Italian Ambassador internationalized the whole event. In the after remarks by the various heads of the Academies, it was made clear that we were cordially welcomed into their body.

After all the guests had departed Mr. Meyer, Story and I relit cigars and went over the day's events. It had been a good day for the Academy and we all felt good. "Let's cable Charley McKim," said Mr. Meyer, "this will please him."

PRESS NOTICES OF EXHIBITION

Boston Herald, April 2, 1904.

"There are moments that are decisive in the history of art as well as in the history of nations,—and when, at ten o'clock on Monday morning, the eleventh of January, the young King and Queen of Italy entered the Villa del Aurora, to preside at the inauguration of the exhibit of the American Academy in Rome, it may be said that a new era was opened in the progress and development of the future Art of America.

"This event marked a special recognition and public acknowledgment of the work achieved recently in the department of art by this institution—and now, this formal opening of the American Academy in Rome, under such splendid auspices, is an event that will especially interest the architects, sculptors and painters of America."

Evening Post, March 9, 1904.

"When recently the Associated Press dispatches announced the opening of the American Academy of Rome, by the King and Queen of Italy, in the presence of foreign Ambassadors, it would be interesting to know how many art loving Americans read that notice, and then said, as did many art loving Americans in Rome: 'The American Academy in Rome? What is the American Academy in Rome? We

didn't know there was one.' It is to be hoped that the importance of the recent exhibition will forever put an end to any doubts as to the existence of that institution.

"An exhibition was held in the Villa Aurora, the permanent home of the Academy, on January 11, 1904, and comprised the work of three architects, two painters and one sculptor. The exhibition was opened by the King and Queen of Italy, and was attended by the Diplomatic Corps, members of the Government and of the Academic bodies, and by thousands of the general public, and was received with conspicuous favor by all the visitors and by the press.

"The American Ambassador made the following pertinent statement in the course of his remarks on the occasion of the opening of the exhibition: 'The highly flattering recognition of the American Academy today, will be most gratifying to the founders of the Academy and to the artists of America, and encourage the belief that it will take a position worthy of the country.' "

Annual Report, 1904.

Dispatch from the Paris Herald, January 12, 1904.

"Yesterday morning, at ten o'clock, the King and Queen drove to the Villa Aurora, to be present at the inauguration of the exhibition organized there by the American Academy in Rome. Their Majesties were received at the entrance by the Director, H. Siddons Mowbray, the Ambassador of the United States, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Signor Tittoni; the

Mayor of Rome, Mare Antonio Colonna; the Director of the French Academy and numerous other notabilities. .....

"The exhibition comprised sixty paintings, twenty-four architectural drawings, and eight pieces of statuary, besides the mural work for the University Club Library by Mr. Mobray. ....Their Majesties repeatedly expressed their pleasure in the various works to the Ambassador and to the Director, Mr. Mowbray."

Telegram to the New York Evening Post.

"The exhibition was highly creditable to America."

From L'Italie: "L'Exposition de Academie Americaine repond as son but. Cette Academie a le role de perfectionner les architects at les peintres et les sculptuers..Leur premiere a ete un success. C'est L'Amerique qui s'avance aussi sur le terrain de l'art."

Report of American Academy in Rome, 1904.

"The work of the Academy has justified its existence. It is no longer an experiment. It is an established institution, working along the same lines and with the same aims as the French Academy, whose preëminence in the world of art has been proved by the experience of more than two hundred years. The successful exhibition has given the Academy a national character in Europe."

IX

THE UNIVERSITY CLUB AND MORGAN LIBRARIES

The exhibition over I felt my work in Rome was done, and I could not help feeling that it was well done, and that I had accomplished all that I had gone there for. Even the doubters and those who had previously held aloof, were won over, and letters poured in to congratulate me. Cables came from McKim, Ely, Saint Gaudens, Blashfield and many others, to "congratulate you on your splendid success," and to announce that a Director would soon be sent to succeed me. My own work was completed and was being packed for shipment.

Leaving the Villa in charge of Keck, the sculptor, we departed about the last part of January for Castellamare. Here, at the Villa Weiss, high above the Bay of Naples, we had a delightful rest of a week, and then sailed on the "Republic," for Boston.

News had just come that war had broken out in the East and that Japan had destroyed some Russian war vessels at Chemulpo. The sentiment was mostly in favor of the plucky little Japs; but there were one or two travellers on board, who had come from the Far East, and who doubtfully shook their heads.

The passage home was very uncomfortable when we reached the Atlantic, where it became very stormy

and cold. The "Republic" rolled frightfully and further, to our great discomfort, she had so little steam to spare, that we passengers wore overcoats from morning to night. The walls of the staterooms actually glistened with frost. As we approached the coast the cold became even more marked, and we found the approaches to Boston solid ice, with the exception of a lane that they were able to keep open for ocean traffic. We learned later that this winter of 1903-4 was an exceptionally severe one, all over the country.

Boston itself was buried in snow and the trains ran with great difficulty. The train which we later took was several hours late in reaching North Adams, where we spent a few days. As my house in New York was rented there was no other place where I could take up my work again except at Washington, Conn.

Our friends thought that coming fresh from Italy we were foolish to settle down in the country, in the midst of such a rigorous winter. As a matter of fact we had become so inured to insufficient heat in Rome and elsewhere that we were most uncomfortable in the stifling heat of the hotels and trains in this country. The winter landscape, buried deep in clean white snow, seemed almost a novelty to us, and we really enjoyed the experience, as well as the fact of being again in our home.

I found a very hearty welcome when I went to New York, and much activity in Academy affairs. Frank Millet had joined and was the treasurer, and a scheme

was on foot to raise the million dollar endowment fund, by getting ten men to subscribe a hundred thousand each. Mr. Walters had already done so, followed by Mr. J. P. Morgan. The recent events in Rome had made this possible and I was held in much consideration, in consequence.

There was some difficulty in arranging a date for putting up my work at the University Club. It was not, strictly speaking, a club matter, according to the officials of the club, and must not be allowed to interfere with the functions of the library. After many interviews and correspondence, permission was given me to do the work in the summer, but I must have a completely closed scaffolding, covered with canvas, so that no interference would occur to the library's use. As a matter of fact, I later found out that there was no means allowed to reach the top of the scaffolding from the interior of the building, but one had to mount a ladder, four stories, on the outside.

I found McKim, as a member of the Park Commission, Washington, D. C., dreadfully worried over the invasion by the Agricultural Department Buildings of the Mall, in Washington, which was nearly an accomplished fact. Such a thing would have utterly spoiled the Mall plan, which had been so splendidly developed by the Park Commission, the precursor of the present Commission of Fine Arts, and composed of Burnham, McKim, Saint Gaudens and Olmsted. At the moment it really seemed that the thing was inevitable and that the Mall would be practically cut in two.

Fortunately the work of the Commission had caught the imagination of the public and was still fresh in its mind. The press took the matter up very vigorously, invoking Washington and L'Enfant. The spirit spread to Congress and the danger was headed off. The buildings in question, however, were never placed far enough to the South of the Mall.

I began work in June at the University Club. Three months were given me in which to complete it. The time was short but I had rather suspected that it would be, and at my studio in Washington I had completed my preparations to the last point, so as to have no delays.

I stripped all the old ornament from the walls and ceiling and modified the general design by one of my own, using the models of ornament I had made in Rome for the purpose. The summer was an exceedingly disagreeable one, made up of many hot and sticky days, and much dark and cloudy weather.

High up on my scaffold the heat was intense at times; but worse than all was the light by which we had to work. It was limited to that which struggled through the tops of the windows above the floor of the scaffold. On dark days, the whole became a cavern of gloom.

The different parts of the decorations went up one by one. I was gratified to find that notwithstanding the fact that the work had been done three or four thousand miles away from the library, all the parts fitted beautifully and no hitch occurred. It was vexing not to be able to view it from the floor, other than

by a peephole here and there. I realized that it was a gamble, and remembered a remark by John LaFarge, that one always had a surprise when the scaffold came down. No conception of it is ever possible above. It is like working in the dark.

By the middle of August I had completed the east bay and the other four were well along. I began to be naturally anxious to have McKim see my work. He had shouldered a good deal of responsibility vis-à-vis the members of the club, and his anxiety that it should be a success was natural. I was, therefore, delighted one day, about the middle of August, to receive a hurried note from down the bay, stating that he would land late that afternoon, and would dine with me at the club and see the library. The light was bad when he arrived, but we went at once to the top of the scaffold. I shall never forget his surprise and delight, his running comments of approbation were almost embarrassing to me. In the intricacies of the huge job I had got past the point where I could judge, myself. The few who had seen the work said complimentary things (most people, under the circumstances, do say pleasant things to the artist), but here was a man who tortured himself with self-criticism, who was equally demanding of others, and who, moreover, was peculiarly involved in the affair. I saw at once that here was no perfunctory praise, and experienced one of the happiest moments of my life.

We had the most enjoyable of dinners, in which food played a small part. McKim had just been

honored with the gold medal of the Royal Academy, and had received a great deal of attention in London. Academy affairs were prospering and a very sympathetic piece of work, in the Morgan Library, was going on. He was, consequently, in a very happy mood and insisted that I was a large factor in it. From that evening on rarely a day passed that he did not visit me in my work, often bringing others with him.

In consequence of his frequent interviews with Mr. Morgan, and the fact that he had proposed to the latter that I should have the entire decoration of the library that was now being built in Thirty-sixth Street, it was very natural that he should desire him to see what was being done at the University Club. In August I received the following note from him:

"My dear Mowbray:

"In relation to the meeting of the trustees and my proposed little dinner to Meyer before he sails, I find I have overlooked the fact that I agreed, some months ago, to preside at the meeting of Architects to be held in St. Louis on the twenty-second prox. - - - - I have accordingly written him to ask him to name a day, so that we may be able to make our plans with all concerned. - - - -

"You will be glad to hear that I expect to spend my nights out of town for the next few days and you will, therefore, have a period of rest from Academy affairs for the present. 2260 Gramercy will find me in the daytime and I will come up to the club (Uni-

versity) any time you want me about any details that may arise. - - - -

"I have written to Mr. Morgan, asking him to name a time, with a day's notice in advance, when it will suit him to go and look at your decoration. - - - - I will let you know beforehand so that the scaffold can be removed."

The proposed dinner to Mr. Meyer and the trustees mentioned above was in consequence of a meeting McKim and I had a few days earlier (August 21) with Mr. Henry Walters at Newport; and where the latter had generously offered the Academy a Villa. I was to meet Mr. Meyer in Rome in September to choose a suitable property.

In spite of McKim's promise of advance notice as regards Mr. Morgan's visit, it was a complete surprise when it came. I was called to the telephone at noon, by McKim's secretary, asking me to have a section of the scaffold removed, as Mr. Morgan and McKim were coming up, and that the former had only a few minutes to spend in the library. The secretary must have been asleep for, as I returned to the library I ran into my visitors just arriving. They could not have come at a worse time, the men were scattered and I had difficulty in getting enough together to rip out a section of the scaffold, which was very solidly made and covered with canvas.

There was nothing to do but wait. The silence was a little painful. McKim, to break it, remarked that "White was crazy over the work" to which Mr. Morgan responded that "He was always crazy." I

was relieved when the last plank came down. There was another silence. Mr. Morgan looked at the ceiling for a long time and simply said: "Magnificent—Superb!" He stayed for half an hour. In a moment of extreme generosity, before leaving, McKim turned to Mr. Morgan and remarked, "This I used to consider as my library. Now it is Mowbray's."

An agreeable wave of approbation was appearing in the club and those who had opposed the project of McKim, Barney and the others now were first to acknowledge satisfaction at the result.

There were some who found fault with my literal use of Pinturicchio in some of the details of wall and ceiling. It should not, however, be lost sight of that the original idea was a copy of the Borgia Apartments, based on the assumption of the architect that there was no artist in the country capable of carrying out a work of this scale in its entirety of unity and tonal effect, and that a copy of a great ensemble of true decoration would help art more than an unsatisfactory original work.

I have regretted, myself, that throughout the work, I was overconscious of this understanding and that I did not, as I could have readily, make every detail my own. I am not offering any excuses for parts, but I will say that I was conscious of the time limit of my contract in view of the great amount of work involved.

The point of achievement, however, does not lie with the details of the work, but in the whole. As before stated, there is no resemblance between the

Borgia Apartments and the Library as a whole. I had, therefore, no precedent in this respect, and in conceiving the large design, carrying it out harmoniously in all its details, welding all the elements into a unity of tone, lie the merits of the work.

I should have liked, of course, to have had my work situated in a place more accessible to the public and it was much owing to this fact that the Council of the Club opened its doors to outsiders for three days, soon after I had finished, one special day being set apart for art organizations. A large number of people were thus able to see it and I received a great many letters of appreciation.

Architects were, perhaps the most impressed by my work, and this gave me much pleasure, as proving that I had achieved the spirit of coordination in which I thoroughly believed.

An article in the New York Tribune, October 15, 1904, by Mr. Royal Cortissoz, sums up this architectural point of view: "- - - It (the library) is now a masterpiece of architectural and decorative design, in which one can read the intention of Mr. Charles F. McKim to produce a monumental scheme of flawless integrity. Mr. Mowbray has not baldly transferred to New York compositions existing in Rome, - - - -In his own designs he has adopted Pinturicchio methods wherever the opportunity offered that device of exhibiting an architectural detail or an item of costume in relief, gilded, which is so effective in the Borgia rooms. - - - - Mr. Mowbray has achieved a success that is positively astonishing. To have

copied Pinturicchio as he has in some details, is to have achieved much; to have gone infinitely further, to have blended his own work with the old Italian in perfect harmony, and to have done this while adjusting the entire assemblage of pictorial and decorative motives to a room, differing in so many respects from the scene of Pinturicchio's labors, is to have put his credit a *tour de force* quite without precedent. There is not a factor in this work that fails to fall into the right place. - - - - The result you would call sumptuous if it were not so subdued in its brilliance, so steadfastly kept within the limits of a refined scale, that the eye, while filled with delight, finds only repose. Here indeed is an ideal key of color for a decoration brought within the atmosphere of a library. Mr. McKim and Mr. Mowbray between them have here created a work of art."

From Stanford White: "I think the ceiling a great success. It is charming in tone and will be a lesson to decorators. I congratulate you."

John Mead Howells wrote: "Dear Mowbray: I have meant many times to write and tell you how very great I think your work (University Club Library) here is. I had no conception when I left you on the steamer, of what I was to find. I am grateful that it is here in America where it is so badly needed."

I have only to add that the three years I had spent had been tremendously educational to me. I was never able, thereafter to take up again the kind of work that I had previously done, my hand had been, so to speak, spoiled for it.

Early in September my work was completed. I was anxious to avail myself of the last opportunity to correct any detail before the scaffold was down once and for all, as I stood below and watched the process. A dozen husky men took hold of the job. I marvelled at the way the huge scaffold melted away and flowed out of the window in a stream of planks and scantling. A cloud of dust filled the air and whatever intention I had to make corrections was lost completely in the whirl. It would be hard for anyone not an artist to realize how tense such a moment is. I strained my eyes trying to see, for the first time, through that cloud of dust, the work of three years. Someone, I did not know who, had come into the room and stood beside me; I heard him say, "How beautiful"; and I recollect saying loudly "What"; to make sure it was real, then the air cleared and I felt relieved.

The year 1904 was one of the busiest of my life. I had completed the work on the University Club Library, I had been to Rome again and I was far along on the Morgan Library. For the most part I saw McKim daily, either at the Morgan Library or at the Century Club. At the latter we generally found Kendall, Millet, and Boring for dinner, and occasionally Saint Gaudens. Usually we finished by moving off to a cool corner and discussing Roman Academy affairs, very often until midnight. We were working hard for our million dollar endowment, of which seven hundred thousand had been given conditional on our getting the entire sum pledged.

I was having a brief rest in Washington with my wife and George after the strenuous summer's work when a telegram came from McKim at Newport asking me to meet him there right away.

On my arrival he met me at the steamboat landing and carried me off to where he was staying with his daughter Margaret. The next morning, Sunday, we met Henry Walters and George Meyer. The former announced that the Villa Mirafiore in Rome was for sale and that if it were suitable to the requirements of the Academy he would purchase it and present it to us. It was a most munificent gift and it gave us all the greatest satisfaction, to me especially, as it was so unmistakably an indication of the confidence that had grown up since the exhibition.

The Villa Mirafiore was at the time occupied by a member of the Russian legation. I knew little of it as far as its suitability for our needs were concerned. It was agreed, before we separated, that I should go to Rome the following month with the ambassador and look it over.

We spent the afternoon of that pleasant day in Margaret McKim's catboat in a state of lazy, happy contentment.

I sailed on the Kaiser Wilhelm the Second, then one of the fastest steamers, and found on board the Italian Delegation returning from the Saint Louis Fair. Among them were several that I knew including Apolloni, Mr. Meyer returning to Rome, Mrs. Dickinson, mother of Laura Dickinson, the poetess, and her younger daughter, Mrs. Bianchi and her hus-

band. We made Cherbourg in five days and fourteen hours, going like an express train and with about as much vibration. The steamer train got me to Paris just in time for the night train to Turin and I reached Rome a little over eight days from New York and ahead of the mails.

The Villa Aurora was in charge of Keck, the sculptor. Its quietude would have depressed me if I had not known what we had ahead of us.

I went to the Farnesi Palace, that Monsignor Mori had hoped I might sell for the Spanish Bourbons, to the United States for the Embassy, to make arrangements for access to the uninhabited Villa Madama, part of the same estate. The guardian of the Farnesi went with me and left me with the keys, to do as I wanted. I had, thereafter, two or three days of uninterrupted study. It was beautiful, especially the Loggia, with its wonderful stucco work by Guilian Romano, in which I was particularly interested, but the whole place was damp, overgrown and uncanny. I watched a water snake glide across one of the terrace pools; it seemed in harmony with the dank atmosphere of the place.

Rome was empty. Museums and churches were deserted. There was a delightful peace and calm here after New York. The October weather was heavenly. I went with Mr. Meyer and carefully inspected the Villa Mirafiore and one or two other places. None of them were perfect, but the Villa Mirafiore had grounds about it that would admit of studios, and on the whole would answer our purposes

for years to come, so we closed the bargain. I recall the ride to the Villa Mirafiore as being the first I ever took in an automobile.

My journey back was slower, the Princess Cecelia was three days late in getting into Naples. I reached New York, November fifth, the day after Roosevelt's election.

I may add here a word about the Morgan library. Mr. Morgan had said to McKim, "I want a gem," and all who were close to McKim knew that he had put his heart and soul into the work. I doubt whether he had ever before been spurred to the point that he was in this work in every detail. He had hunted in Rome for imperial porphyry and varied colored marbles and Cippoli's columns from the Bagatelle. The finest Greek marbles were found. Time and again he had made me join him in arranging color harmonies. This intense interest went into every detail of the work.

Early in September, 1905, Mr. Morgan was expected to arrive from London and the work on the Library was rushed to the utmost in order to give him his first coup d'oeil. My huge scaffold was removed and a general cleaning up was made. We three made the round of the building together. When Mr. Morgan reached the East Room and viewed my ceiling he was pleased.

X

THE COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS

About the middle of January, 1921, Kendall, then on the National Commission of Fine Arts, called me up by telephone to ask if I would serve on it as painter member. I was well acquainted with what the Commission had accomplished and thoroughly in accord with its aims. The class of men placed on it were the best choice of the country and I felt honored in being called. I accepted, and about the end of February received my appointment from President Wilson. It was the last one of the kind signed by him. His condition was visible in the shakiness of the signature.

The Commission of Fine Arts was created by Congress in 1910. It grew out of another one, the Park Commission, which had been appointed to study the park system of the capital and was composed of Burnham, McKim, Saint Gaudens and Olmsted. The results accomplished by it were of great importance. Its members re-studied L'Enfant's plan of Washington and adapted it to modern requirements. They studied the Mall in all its features, and left plans of it which after twenty years of effort to discover flaws, remain still on their integrity and are being slowly carried out.

The creation of the Park Commission may be said to have saved L'Enfant's plan. From the period of the Civil War to the beginning of this century Washington's growth had been greatly accelerated, but most of the public buildings of that period were of a debased architecture. The original plan of the city was being abandoned. The beautiful feature of the Mall was almost submerged by the Pennsylvania R. R. depot and tracks, the Smithsonian Institution and the Horticultural Garden.

The Park Commission having completed the purpose for which it was called ceased to exist as such, but its great usefulness was fully recognized. On the strength of this, a permanent body was formed and called the Commission of Fine Arts.

The appointments to this body were made for a period of four years by the President. In making the appointments the President had the choice of two or three names furnished by the Commission itself. This made it really self-perpetuating, but apart from this the fact that there were no salaries connected with it, placed it quite out of the range of the spoilsman.

When I became a member I joined Pope, Bacon, and Ayres, architects, Frazer, sculptor, and Greenleaf, landscape architect. Col. Sherrill, U. S. A., Supt. of the District Buildings and Grounds was also a member of the board, but perhaps the most important individual was Charles Moore, layman and chairman. I had known him for several years. He had been associated with the early days of the Ameri-

can Academy in Rome as well as the larger movements in the art of the country.

His connection with the Art Commission began in the early days when as secretary to Sen. McMillan he had also served as secretary of the Park Commission. His knowledge of Washington was complete. He knew everyone in it worth knowing. With ample expert opinion behind him, which he skillfully coordinated, added to his vast patience and perfect tact he rarely failed to accomplish the ends the Commission were seeking. He may safely be called a permanent member of the Commission, for the fact is that there is no other person who could take his place. Being also in charge of the Archives of the Library of Congress he is a fund of information. I have spent may pleasant evenings with him, listening to history and history in the making, evenings which I shall never forget.

One of the first of my monthly meetings took me to the White House, where we presented our annual report to President Harding. Of course, we were with the latter only a few minutes, so that there was hardly time to form an opinion that was worthwhile. I remember the President as a large well-built man with a rather fine, strong head. Notwithstanding this imposing make-up, there was just enough flabbiness about him to call to mind William Allen White's term of "tame lion."

In July, 1922, the Commission became aware from time to time of a movement on foot to erect a bridge at the river end of New York Avenue. As the grade

at that point was very much higher than the surroundings of the Lincoln Memorial, it would necessarily be a high bridge. The thought of such a structure being built so near the Memorial filled us with a great deal of concern, for one of the elements that add to the impressiveness of the latter is its complete aloofness from everything. Besides this, if a great bridge were built on New York Avenue, we greatly doubted whether Congress would ever authorize another as near by as the Lincoln Memorial. With no bridge, the whole Mall plan fell flat.

As far as could be learned, there was considerable power behind the New York Avenue Bridge project, and it came from different interests combined. One was the development of a considerable portion of the avenue itself by carrying it across the river and linking it up with the projected Lee Highway, thus making a southern entry into the city. The other was the interested desire of the Lee Highway people to have such an excellent entrance.

During the midsummer Mr. Moore was able to arrange with the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge to lunch with the Commission one day at the Cosmos Club. Mrs. Coolidge had become very much interested in the question and desired to know more about it. It was not until late in the year that any decided action came. We were then invited to meet the Lincoln Memorial Commission at the President's office. The latter commission was composed of the President, chairman, and the Vice-President, Speaker Gillette, Sen. Fernald and Congressman Langley.

Col. Sherrill was asked to speak for the New York Avenue bridge project, which he did, claiming its merits on the basis of traffic, and improvement of a neglected region. We answered with prepared drawings showing how the Lincoln Memorial would be dominated and its whole effect destroyed from certain points of view, by the proximity of the bridge. This brought a proposal from the President that we should make a tour of the whole field and verify by actual observation of the ground. We went first to Arlington and down the long hill to the river bank on foot, climbing fences and walking across fields, from there to the new Key Bridge, which we walked across, though it was not yet opened, on to the Naval Hospital about where New York Avenue ends, and thence to the Lincoln Memorial itself.

Later in the day, in the midst of our work, we were notified that the Lincoln Memorial Commission had reached a conclusion unfavorable to the New York Avenue Bridge project. The successful end of this question was a great relief, although I think we all felt that in the last instance the public itself would not permit the Mall plan to be spoiled.

I remembered that in 1904 when the Agricultural Department proposed to cut deep into the Mall and threaten the whole plan the Park Commission appealed to the public. The newspapers responded vigorously and the matter was carried into Congress and the Park Commission sustained. I advised Mr. Moore to do the same, which he did and there was no doubt in my mind that it did good. Col. Sherrill,

however, disapproved of any publicity that was not his own, and being close to the President apparently was able to influence him, for a somewhat sharp letter came from him as a remonstrance. Notwithstanding this, I think we were justified in view of the great harm that threatened the jewel of L'Enfant's plan. At any rate it was our only weapon of defense. Up to 1901 the Lincoln Memorial had been considered in the form of a bridge, long, high, elaborate, and even grandiose. As such for a period of more than thirty years it periodically came up for consideration. Some three plans were successively made previous to the present one. All were high and very ornate.

When the Greek Temple type of memorial was adopted in 1901, the bridge lost much of its significance and the new plan called for a simple broad low structure that would in no way break the aloofness of the actual Memorial by its high arches and obtruding towers.

In connection with choosing a site for the Memorial there was much heated debate. The Commission of Fine Arts had placed it in Potomac Park on the Axis of the Capitol and the Washington Monument, there to stand alone, remote from the turmoil of the city, distinguished and serene.

This site was strongly objected to by many. It was held to be too remote and malarial. I believe it was Speaker Cannon who asserted that the building would shake itself down with loneliness and ague.

Many sites in the heart of the city were suggested. There was a large leaning toward Arlington Ceme-

tery in the midst of the soldiers who had died for the cause. To many others the latter site seemed particularly out of the question. It was unthinkable to the old friends and contemporaries of Lincoln that his memorial should be placed south of the Mason and Dixon line. After much discussion the plan of the Commission of Fine Arts was sustained.

As a rather amusing sequence, a group of men who had taken a large part in the debate were on the train bound north. Soon after leaving Baltimore some one called attention to a shaft or marker that caught his eye in passing, and asked what it was. "Why," said the conductor, "that is one of the stones that mark the Mason and Dixon line." So, after all the heated argument Lincoln's temple rests some thirty miles or so south of the boundary of slavery.

XI

MR. MOWBRAY AND THE COMMISSION

Charles Moore

President Wilson appointed H. Siddons Mowbray, the painter member of the National Commission of Fine Arts, February 24, 1921. He held office seven years, until his death, on January 13, 1928, immediately following his attendance at a meeting of the Commission.

Mr. Mowbray was the fifth painter in the succession which began with Francis D. Millet, appointed by President Taft on the creation of the Commission by Congress, May 17, 1910. Mr. Millet had much to do with promoting the passage of the organic act and also in shaping the work of the body under the chairmanship of Daniel H. Burnham. Both Mr. Burnham and Mr. Millet died within two years after their appointment. The latter was succeeded by Edwin H. Blashfield, who served the appointed term of four years and then gave place to J. Alden Weir, who died in office. His place was taken by William Sergeant Kendall, who resigned within the year, and thereupon Mr. Mowbray was selected.

Rarely did he miss a meeting. He took pleasure in association with the members and he relished having a part in the upbuilding of the National Capital. Associated with him were Henry Bacon, fresh from his work on the Lincoln Memorial, into which he had

put his very life; and John Russell Pope, Louis Ayres, Milton B. Medary, William Adams Delano, and Abram Garfield, architects; James E. Fraser and Lorado Taft, sculptors; James L. Greenleaf and Ferruccio Vitale, landscape architects, and the writer of this sketch.

After a long and strenuous day around the council table and tramping over the hills of the District of Columbia, he enjoyed the companionship of the prolonged dinner, the not too serious discussions of the current problems, and the stories and reminiscences that ran on till the midnight train carried him from the big Washington to the little one. His was the thankless task of reporting adversely on portraits of Presidents and other statesmen, or pictures of historic scenes painted by the artist on speculation and sponsored by persons of influence who, while professing to know little about art generally, were confident that they had discovered a genius and his masterpiece. Happy he was to find an acceptable work and wholehearted was his welcome of such. Where he could not approve his decisions were convincing and his manner was considerate, so that he left no scars—a matter of first importance so long as the very existence of any commission passing upon questions of taste was in question, and when almost any finding was subject to ridicule—and often received it.

If he did not get a color that would keep the cast-iron dome of the Capitol in continuous harmony with the painted sandstone center and the marble wings of that structure, at least he hit upon a shade pleasing to

the eye and consequently less obtrusive than had been customary. Some day the entire building will be put into marble.

The standardization of the United States flag, undertaken by the Department of Commerce, with the cooperation of the Departments of War and of the Navy, and with the assistance of the Bureau of Standards and the Commission of Fine Arts, was the particular subject that most interested Mr. Mowbray. His criticism was that in the flag as made for the Government and for sale, the blue deteriorates into black and the red quickly loses what little life it has at the beginning. When the fading begins, the blue and the red fade in opposition to one another. He strove, with the Bureau of Standards, to obtain fast colors in a much lighter blue and a red that had more of the Chinese yellow. He argued that by the use of these particular shades the flag would gain a vital quality that would cause it to carry further. Also he held that when the fading did occur the new red and the new blue would still maintain their complementary character towards one another, keeping harmony and avoiding the present dissonance. The new flags produced in accordance with Mr. Mowbray's advice fulfilled his expectations and were acceptable to the representatives of the Army and the Navy. Experiments to obtain lasting colors as applied to both bunting and cotton were in progress when Mr. Mowbray's labors were suddenly ended. The importance of this work was the occasion of his continuing on the Commission beyond the term of four years—"until his successor should be appointed."

The Commission of Fine Arts has come to be regarded as the defender and supporter of the Plan of 1901 for the progressive development of the National Capital along lines established when the city first was laid out in 1792. The original plan was inspired by Versailles, which embodies the ideas that Lenôtre exemplified in his French gardens and then carried out in his English and Italian work—long vistas, and streets radiating from central points. These principles of Lenôtre were also studied by the Commission of 1901 in their plans for reinstating the authority of the original plan of Washington and extending that plan as called for by the growth of the Capital City. Both by training and by instinct Mr. Mowbray was in sympathy with a plan having as its basis the principles derived from the past. Unity and orderliness he placed before novelty and so-called originality. Consequently, he was unswerving in his adherence to the Plan of 1901, and he always stood for the broadest and finest interpretations.

It is the practice of the Commission of Fine Arts to reach its decisions as the result of full and free discussions among its members, dicussions often prolonged from meeting to meeting until a general agreement is reached. There are no formal votes and in the end no differences of opinion on matters of taste. Such conferences develop a spirit of consideration on the part of the members for the views of one another and at the same time permit each member fully to express his own opinions and to have them considered. Quiet, unassertive and unassuming, at

the same time firm, full of knowledge, and actuated by the feelings of an artist, Mr. Mowbray's usefulness as a member of the Commission was of the very greatest.

XII

AMERICAN MURAL PAINTER

Royal Cortissoz

What were the predominating elements in Mowbray's genius? Primarily an inborn sense of beauty, with an inborn faculty for expressing it. But the old discipline of the Atelier Bonnat had much to do with his development. It made him a master craftsman. When his patron cheerfully acquiesced in his sending his Young Bacchus to the Salon as early as 1879, it was undoubtedly because Bonnat felt that Mowbray had the root of the matter in him, that he could really draw and paint. He drew superbly, using a strong but delicate line, and his technique was in all respects singularly finished and authoritative, the technique of a thoroughly sound workman. His ideas were lofty. They were poetic, as they had been in his younger days of picture-making, but now, in his mural painting, they took a more and more monumentally allegorical turn. They were evolved, too, to an accompaniment of a luxuriant handling of conventional motives, derived from his enthusiastic studies in the Vatican. Pinturicchio was not his sole guide there. The hall ceiling at the Morgan Library, both in the distribution of its compartments and in the treatment of the designs filling them, follows very

closely Raphael's ceiling in the Camera della Segnatura. Raphael's tradition, too, had a sharp influence upon his use of formal decoration in relief. But Pinturicchio, if not his only master, was the one who most profoundly moved him. Mowbray is, in certain passages at the University Club, frankly the copyist, but it would be a grossly superficial view of the matter that placed these passages in the foreground. What he did was literally to take over the old Italian's hypothesis, make it his own, and, in a manner implying original force and taste, give an essentially free and independent investiture to the ceiling and walls. I have cited McKim's fine saying, that the library was no longer his but Mowbray's. I remember what an impression of organic unity I received when I saw the room, back in 1904, on its first exposure, and repeated study of it since has only confirmed the point. Mowbray collaborated with McKim like an instinctive architect. Between them they made a masterpiece of architectural and decorative design. A phrase in the passage which I have quoted from the architect touches the gist of the matter, that in which he argues that the decoration of a library "should whisper and not shout." Mowbray magnificently grasped that principle.

There are no rules for the making of a work of art. Genius makes its own laws. Carpaccio may adorn the walls of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni with the pages of a picture book. Tintoretto may disdain architectural convention at San Rocco. Raphael may be lucidly intellectual, and Tiepolo the headlong

virtuoso. But there is a curious indefinable necessity to which all these masters—and every true painter of mural decoration—must inevitably conform. It is that the painting should "look well on the wall," be obviously in its predestined place, somehow a structural part of the whole. How beautifully Mowbray followed the axiom. His way, which had been Pinturicchio's way, and which he revived at once clairvoyantly from the past and freshly in his own world, with a gesture of his own, was to fill the given space with gracious symbolical figures, enmeshed in a quietly shimmering web of arabesques and color. Picture and ornament were fused in a rich but never too assertive ensemble. He liked deep reds, and greens, and blues, with the gleam of gold accenting the mass in details that he often lifted into substantial relief, as Pinturicchio had done in the Borgia apartments and at Siena. Taking a stylistic cue that the old master gave him, he recovered exactly the classical grace and restraint that mark pure Renaissance ornamentation. At the bottom of his executive proficiency, which made him the master of both paint and plaster, there played an extraordinary faculty for design. I have had varied sensations contemplating the positive world of motives at the University Club and in the Morgan Library—apprehending the great major panels and lunettes with their stately figures, the subordinate pictorial designs and the portraits, the endlessly inventive arrangement of conventional details. But first and last the evidence of decorative power that stays in my mind is the coordinating art

with which all these factors are held together in a glorious equilibrium. Never a trace of excess or uncertainty in form or color! Never a threat to the balance of the whole! Always the unity that spells serene repose, the maintenance of a proud, sumptuously decorative conception under the way of an architectural ideal!

Mowbray had amongst his resources the practicality which is inseparable from an architect's character. The same readiness which had enabled him in his youth to direct the force of nitroglycerine in a huge blast was with him all his life. He knew how to deal with hard facts. He decorated a room with the instinct of a builder working in him. In all our school of mural painters, and we have had some eminent practitioners since LaFarge blazed the way, there has been no one who could beat Mowbray in allying a painting to its architectural surroundings. But if I love to think of him as a master of his craft, I love to think of him as a spirit of illumination and idealism, making his walls so fair to look upon, spreading upon them uplifting ideas and a rare beauty. Late in his life, in 1915, he turned from the big commissions to which he was habituated and painted for his own delight fifteen pictures illustrating the life of Christ, following Florentine precedent in composition but lending to his episodes a dignity and an emotional weight that could have sprung only from intense feeling. He was dealing with old themes but he gave them new life. And he was the poet once more, as he had been in those fantasies with which at the outset

he had won admiration, the poet rising to a graver and more touching level. He never lost that imaginative, revivifying power of his. He died just as he had completed a great series of panels for the new annex to the Morgan Library, imposing designs in which we shall find evidence of the potency of his mind and energy. They illustrate types and periods in the conquest of civilization, the majestic figures of history such as Darius and Alexander, momentous movements like that which produced the art of Greece. It was characteristic of Mowbray thus to close his life on a large, lofty note. From beginning to end, his work was on an exalted plane, his soul on the side of the angels.

XIII

INFLUENCE UPON HIS TOWN

E. K. Rossiter

When Mowbray came to Washington to make his home among us in the summer of 1898 he came as a mature artist. He came with wife and child, weary of the trammels of city life, weary, too, of seeking a residence and not finding one in a congenial community. His spending a single night, homeward bound from Litchfield with a brother craftsman, William Hamilton Gibson, may be regarded as an accident, but an accident that partook of the character of one of God's Providences. He sought a community of culture; one based upon catholicity of tastes, one where educational advantages might be had for his boy, and perhaps if for one reason more than another, a community where the social circle was not contending and living in opposition to another, destroying cooperative impulses and through jealousies poisoning the neighbor's cup.

That he discovered what he for several years sought elsewhere in this small village, finds its best proof in his purchase of a piece of property within one month after setting up his easel in the town. The Mowbrays possessed mental and spiritual antennæ of considerable sensitiveness combined with a faculty for measur-

ing values in the scale of social worth. And hearts, too, they had for fellowship. Sympathy unconsciously went forth from them in uninterrupted flow, and, as an expression of the inner man and woman, is a matter of happy memory to all who recall their lives.

Undoubtedly the four most powerful stimulants to a creator's mind working in art are love, death, religion and patriotism, and all four in turn took possession in Mowbray's relations with his town.

With the passing of the years there came to him the great sorrow of losing his wife, beloved of the community and an inspiration in all his work. Even the closest friends of an artist cannot estimate the extent of such a loss, for immediate neighbors are not always constituted to measure a man's power, or the influence that has developed it. But in a definitive work like the ceiling in the Gunn Memorial Library done as a memorial to his wife, it is quite possible with a range of knowledge to rate the dynamo behind the machine. Though it is true that nature in all instances magically fits a man by gifts to his fortunes, and frequently provides the requisite stimulus for his development, she does not always qualify him without severe training to work out his inspirations. One may apply this to the painting done under the inspiration of the memory of his wife. Here would be an incentive to bring forth of his best for the benefit of the community where she had found happy living and the kindly ministrations of a neighborhood founded on friendship.

The painting, done under this transcendent in-

spiration, reveals likewise the classical bent of Mowbray's mind by reason of which the Library becomes a sort of antechamber of Greek mythology. A view of the ceiling enables one to pass from a New England atmosphere with its austere traditions of Puritanism, severe, stern, and sunless, into one of ruddy glow and ancient thought—one that breathes the delicate perfume of our childhood legends.

These decorations and those of St. John's Church nearby where he has pictorially treated the Apostles with a grave and solemn beauty after the manner of the mediaeval painters, stamp him as a man of wide culture. In these days of jazz and cheap standards when the chief endeavor of the modern student is to ignore and forget the great traditions of the past, a work of art dedicated to a memory is so rare that the world might be better for knowing that once a woman dwelt in our town so eternally young, charming and refined, so persistent in the thought of another, that out of the happiness she created sprang this beautiful masterpiece.

These paintings are not creations for art's sake, or even humanity's sake, so much as they are noteworthy chapters of personal biography. No one looking on either the painting in the library, or the panels in the chancel of the church need ever ask himself, "What manner of man did this work?" They speak for themselves. In one he has symbolized his love for a woman as did an East Indian prince in the erection of that marvelously beautiful tomb, the Taj Mahal. In the chancel decorations, he has left a memorial to him-

self. These church murals proclaim the indwelling spirit of their creator. They bespeak his generosity, his reverence for the men who walked in the footsteps of the Master, the benignity of the wise out of the East, and the glorification of the Virgin. His reward in this instance was merely a poetic one found in the public's appreciation of a thing well done and nobly given. This recognition in the town he could not possibly escape; the effect of the act was immediate, its eloquence more persuasive than he himself knew. Who can estimate the influence upon the town of these lasting tokens of neighborly affection and community interest?

Up 'til the day the chancel murals were turned over to the wardens, Mowbray held pretty strictly to solving his art problems, without being swerved into the war currents that were beginning to swirl ominously about us. But when the battle of the Marne took place, when he realized in what jeopardy France stood with the German armies moving on Paris, he dropped his brush and became missionary. With him the war was an open declaration against the inalienable rights of man, and when he learned of the ruthless desecration of the Rheims Cathedral—sacred emblem of art, he was ready to undertake such work as his hand could find to do. He became the head of the Red Cross Chapter in Washington. He organized its work and gave freely of his best to strengthen its efficiency. Through his enthusiasm and sacrifice he developed like qualities in others. Almost every member of the community felt he must contribute to the cause, and make possible little Washington

overtopping its quota in bond subscriptions and in other aids as well. Again and again, as the demands came, the requisitions were more than met.

When one refers to the inspiration and cooperation which grew out of his leadership in the Red Cross, it is fitting, also, to mention that inspiration and energy which his second wife, the sister of his first wife, shared with her husband in the leadership in the community. Her entrance upon the task, her almost pious reverence for doing the thing she thought ought to be done quickened the coworker's impulses. Daily she took her place beside the others. Literally one is tempted to say, this daily stimulation of activity in the promotion of the work of physical healing was an instance of hitching one's wagon to a star, for in the decorations in the chancel of St. John's we can trace the influence of her congenial presence beside Mowbray's side. Here she appears among the angels,—more particularly the winged leader of the Shepherd whose finger points to that blessed spot of earth,—'neath the Star that shed its peaceful ray over the humblest quarter of Bethlehem—the place of Christ's nativity.

These middle years of Mowbray's residence in Washington were exceedingly prolific of good works. Whether viewed from a humanitarian sense of the word, or whether we take an aesthetic survey of them, they may be specially assigned to honored places in the chambers of memory. They were revealing as to his character. And, because his critical powers ran even with his creative ones—and his energies were

absorbed in the pursuit of diverse matters, the lineaments of his own soul were discerned in a larger way than usual. The love of country and opposition to injustice were espoused. Religion too: his found a satisfaction in trying to bind up the wounds of humanity. And sacrifice!—he burnt his lamp long and often. When his country's fortunes were at stake, he found he could not live in the world with a single aim, and so the big things, the ennobling things that contribute to stature apart from minor duties, received his attention. If unselfishness is the real test of interest and affection and the value of a thing to the individual is determined by the amount of life one is willing to expend for it, Mowbray's devotion to relief work is entitled itself to be memorialized.

In December, 1921, E. H. Van Ingen, who had held the Presidency of the Gunn Memorial Library from its completion, passed away. Upon his death no candidate was suggested to fill the vacancy, except Mowbray. For in him it was felt, that culture which appears in suggestions from certain best thoughts and acts recorded in art, life and history was well centered. Indeed, his ceiling expressed the very heart of culture in the immediate scene; this and his well-known love of reading, made a second qualification. The duties involved were discharged admirably and with recognized executive ability. He naturally shrank from holding any office, but as his neighbor's call always spoke louder and more imperatively than his personal convenience, he invariably permitted the former to drown the latter. It may be remarked that

the last concern for the public's weal, which occupied him before the Angel of Death appeared, was a scheme to place the library on a financial basis beyond the necessity of making constant appeals to meet its current outlays. This community appeal was made eight months later under the legend of the "Harry Siddons Mowbray Memorial Fund."

Mowbray's influence upon his town cannot be dismissed without reference to that intangible moulding of his neighbor's thought and work which was unconsciously imparted by his own, most often perhaps in studio and by the fireside. Here friends were wont to gather. Here of winter evenings and Sunday afternoons coteries would come to discuss a new book or a life problem, to listen to his criticisms and to his talk, which was spent with a tiller's object of laying broad surfaces of soil open to the elements for seed dropping and harvest. Here in his workshop and by the open fire his pupils would grow into a larger knowledge of art, his visitors into a larger view of life, his intimates into a larger responsiveness; all to learn that he was a bigger man than his creations, that he needed not these credentials to tell us what was his to make us captive to his charm.

In reviewing that portion of his life spent in the town of Washington, it would seem,—having met his responsibilities with courage, having carried the universal burdens with manliness, gentleness, forbearance and fine spirit,—that apart from his artistic triumphs, Mowbray's career proved an eminently successful one. In its last analysis as the love of beauty is the love of

measure and proportion, so is he who perceives it in the work of others very apt to disclose it in living; this he did by investing himself in near at hand interests and in common things. He threw himself joyfully into his own work and the work of his pupils and reaped joyous returns; moreover, he left the world better and more beautiful than he found it, than which no greater compliment can be paid to man. His was a simple philosophy. He believed that we are here to amend ourselves, extend ourselves and make ourselves better that we came into this world enjoined at birth to improve our talents, and if we did so, we would throw ourselves into the sublime order. As a matter of gravitation, Mowbray courted the Muses, but while he knew that it would be a sad and sorry world without them and the Graces, he also knew that the Virtues come first, even though they are undistinguished, uninviting, lack charm, lure and sweetness. As a matter of Christian living he served his neighbor by making him happier. As a matter of citizenship he gave of himself the best. And lastly, as a matter of reciprocity he blazed without further compensation than the pure joy of giving his genius upon the walls of church and library.

Let him who will seek the place where he sleeps in God's Acre—so peaceful and picturesque in its externals, that it brings solace to the weary spirit; let him thread his way among the congregated graves of the hamlet; to enter hard by St. John's, let him tarry in the Chancel of a late afternoon when the waning sun floods with golden light the last recess in

the building, illuminating the nimbus of the furthest saint; let him pause and contemplate the beauty and dignity of his work, and he will leave these murals, impressed with the feeling that for one brief moment, he has lived in high company.

APPENDIX

There are no clear records as to dates when Mowbray painted his earlier pictures so that it is impossible at this time to assign them in their order, or to be sure that there are no omissions in the catalogue which has been attempted in this small volume. He endeavored when gathering material for the autobiographical sketch herewith presented to prepare a list, but apparently it was incomplete. He says little of the pictures painted and sold during his student days in Paris before he determined to break with the professional course he followed in those years. The evidence is that they included a group of oriental genre pictures with the atmosphere of the Arabian Nights such as "Aladdin," "Lalla Rookh," "Song of Circassia," "Schererazade," and "Harem Scene." The last mentioned was added to the collections of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1926. A similarity in composition in these pictures is noticeable in several instances.

Between the years 1896 and 1899 he did a group of portraits not all of which can be dated as to the year. In addition to those of his wife and son they include Mrs. Archibald Alexander, Mrs. W. R. Graves, W. H. Hagen, Miss Carol Macy, Professor George Mordey Mowbray, his foster father, E. K. Rossiter, and Miss Stevens.

Selected pictures from his brush were exhibited at

different times during his life and a memorial exhibit illustrative of the course of his development as a painter and the various mediums of expression which he employed was made by the Century Association.

One such exhibition was held at the Knoedler Galleries, 355 Fifth Avenue, New York, February, 1897. The catalogue of paintings, drawings and book illustrations then shown was as follows:

PAINTINGS

1. Entry of the Last Favorite.....
Loaned by Mrs. Cebra Quackenbush
2. Portrait
3. Schererazade.....Loaned by T. B. Clarke, Esq.
4. Evening Breeze...Loaned by T. B. Clarke, Esq.
5. Last Favorite....Loaned by T. B. Clarke, Esq.
6. Attar of Roses.....
Loaned by A. C. Houghton, Esq.
7. The Dance.....
Loaned by S. Montgomery Roosevelt
8. Iridescence....Loaned by H. M. Sanders, D. D.
9. Florial.....Loaned by W. T. Evans, Esq.
10. Le Destin.
11. Nude.....Loaned by Fencers' Club
12. The Calenders....Loaned by Miss Grace Hearn
13. Pastoral.....Loaned by Mrs. W. S. Kimball
14. Siesta.
15. Dancing Girl.....
Loaned by W. Seward Webb, Esq.
16. Abou Hassan, or the Sleeper Awakened.
17. Le Repos.

18. Song of Circassia....Loaned by P. Chock, Esq.
19. Sketch: Chenonceaux.
20. Garden at Chenonceaux.
21-27. Sketches for Decorative Panels for the Main Hall of the residence of C. P. Huntington, Esq. (Fifth Avenue, New York), representing respectively Music, Literature, Tragedy, Comedy, Electricity, Astronomy, Painting.

IN BLACK AND WHITE.

28. Illustration to "Paestum."
29. Illustration to "Story Number Three."
30-33. Illustration to "The Wedding Gown" Loaned by Messrs. Harper Bros.
34. Head Piece.
35. Frontispiece to "Ben Hur."..... Loaned by Messrs. Harper Bros.
36. Supplication..... Loaned by Mrs. J. Carroll Beckwith
37. Tail Piece.....Loaned by Messrs. Harper Bros.
38. Illustration to "Rose of Sharon."
39. Cover Design.
40. Invitation.

Following the conclusion of the painting of the series of the life of Christ in 1925, these were exhibited at the Howard Young Galleries in New York.

The most complete display of his work was the memorial exhibition of paintings, studies and drawings held at the Century Association, 7 West Forty-

third Street, New York, May 6 to May 29, 1928, inclusive.

Below is a chronological list of paintings so far as it is now practicable to make it:

PAINTINGS.

Young Bacchus, 1879.
Etchers, 1883.
La Cabaret, 1883.
Le Recit (The Story), 1883.
Aladdin, 1884.
The Alchemist, 1885.
Lalla Rookh, 1885.
The Sisters, 1885.
The Festival of Roses, 1886.
Schererazade, 1886.
Evening Breeze, Clarke Prize and Medal, Colombian Exposition, 1887.
The Rose Harvest, 1887.
Symphony, 1888.
Arcadia, 1888.
The Calenders, 1889.
Attar of Roses, 1894.
Idle Hours, 1895.
The Last Favorite, 1896.
Le Destin, 1896.
Lady in Black, 1896.

Portraits of Mrs. Archibald Alexander, Mrs. W. R. Graves, W. H. Hagen, Miss Carol Macy, Professor George Mordey Mowbray, E. K. Rossiter, and Mrs. Stevens, 1896-9.
Portrait of Mrs. Mowbray and Son, 1899.
String of Pearls, 1899.
Scenes in the Life of Christ, 1915-25.

MURAL PAINTINGS.

The Month of Roses—New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, 1889.
Main Hall, C. P. Huntington Residence, Fifth Avenue, New York, 1892.
Frieze, Appellate Court House, New York, 1896.
Living Room, F. W. Vanderbilt's House, Hyde Park, N. Y., 1897.
Board Room, Prudential Life Insurance Co., Newark, N. J., 1900.
University Club Library, New York, 1904.
Morgan Library, New York, 1905-7.
Larz Anderson House, Washington, D. C., 1909.
Design, Pediment, Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, executed by Weinberg, and upon razing of church placed in Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1910.
Federal Building, Cleveland, Ohio, 1911.
Ceiling, Gunn Memorial Library, Washington, Conn., 1914.
Gallery, Home of Breckinridge Long, St. Louis, 1916.

Chancel, St. John's Church, Washington, Conn., 1918.
Chancel, St. Michael's Church, Litchfield, Conn., 1920.
Triptych, Chapel of Mrs. W. W. Reese, New Hamburg, N. Y., 1927.
Morgan Library addition, New York, 1928.

ACADEMIES, ASSOCIATIONS AND OTHER ORGANIZATIONS.

National Academy of Design (Full member).
National Academy of Arts and Letters.
American Academy in Rome, Director and Trustee.
Century Club.
Connecticut Historical Society.
National Geographic Society.
Society for the Preservation of New England Antiquities.
Wadsworth Athaeneum, Hartford, Conn.
American Institute of Architects (Honorary Member—Fine Arts Medal).
National Commission of Fine Arts.
American Federation of Fine Arts.
Sculpture Commission of Connecticut.
Gunn Memorial Library, Washington, Conn., (President).

GENEALOGICAL NOTES.

Professor George Mordey Mowbray, foster father of Harry Siddons (Mowbray), born in England,

1814. Married Annie, daughter of William Fade, of Kent, a clerk in the Admiralty.

Harry Siddons (Mowbray), son of John Henry Siddons, and Eliza Fade, sister of Annie, wife of Profesor Mowbray, was born in Alexandria, Egypt, August 5, 1858. His father dying shortly, his mother brought him to America whither Professor Mowbray and his wife had already come. She was accidentally burned to death. Harry was then adopted by Professor Mowbray and took nis family name. He married Helen Amelia Millard, of North Adams, Mass., on June 7, 1888. George Siddons Mowbray was born Sept. 2, 1897. His wife died Aug. 5, 1912. He married Florence Gertrude Millard, his wife's sister, Dec. 1, 1915. They had two children, Henry Siddons, Jr., born March 28, 1917, and Elizabeth, born June 8, 1918. He died at his home in Washington, Conn., Jan. 13, 1928, and is buried in the cemetery on Washington Green.